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THE MANUFACTURED CANDIDATE

Clinton Already?

ANDREW KOPKIND

The politics of decline, the decline of politics. (Page 116)

World Arms Mart

MICHAEL T. KLARE

It's business as usual. (Page 120)

EDITORIAL

PUBLIC PUBLISHING

Recently, the publishing industry received two alarming pieces of news. First, according to a study of consumer book-buying habits, 60 percent of all U.S. households failed to purchase a single book last year. Second, André Schiffrin, the former managing director of Pantheon Books and scourge of conventional publishing, whose forced departure in 1990 incited hundreds of writers and others to picket Random House, will head a new publishing venture. Only this time, instead of running a subsidiary in a conglomerate, he has founded a unique operation called The New Press, an independent, not-for-profit publisher of books "in the public interest."

WHAT GULF WAR?
RICHARD FALK

SAVE SOMALIA
ARYEH NEIER

GERMANY MUSCLES IN
DANIEL SINGER

ISRAEL OFF ITS PEDESTAL
MICAH L. SIFRY

One would think the appearance of a publishing house operating in the public, rather than the private, interest would be a cause for rejoicing rather than alarm. The advent of a new company dedicated, among other things, to publishing books deemed too risky by the commercial houses is good news for the culture; it should complement the larger houses, prod the university presses and add zest to an industry now in the doldrums.

But no. According to a meanspirited column by Jonathan Yardley in *The Washington Post*, the fact that Pantheon's essential character has "remained unchanged" after Schiffrin's departure should somehow be seen not as a tribute to the strength of the list that the old Pantheon team acquired but rather as a reason not to have a New Press.

Au contraire. As the 60 percent non-book-buying families attest, publishing needs all the help it can get.

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tha
present, [illegible] Who Was Lynched?" Nov. 11]. However, she incorrectly cites Bessie, in Richard Wright's *Native Son*, as the first murder victim of Bigger Thomas. Bessie was the second murder victim. In contrast to the essentially accidental killing of the white woman, Mary Dalton, Bessie's murder is depicted as premeditated and particularly brutal, making Bessie's death far more horrifying. Thomas rapes Bessie, smashes her head with a brick and finally tosses her down an airshaft, where she freezes to death.

As Trudier Harris points out in her essay "Native Sons and Foreign Daughters" (*New Essays on 'Native Son'*, Cambridge University Press), "Wright does not respect his own creation [Bessie]. . . . Bigger and the whites for whom she works use Bessie to their own physical and emotional ends." Painter is on the mark when she states that black women are treated as two-dimensional both in Wright's novel and in real life—as all could see in the treatment of Anita Hill. *Elise Fischer*

GIRLS & BOYS IN THE BAN

New York City

In his recent editorial, "*Ecce* Cuomo" [Dec. 2], Tom Gogola refers to two cases of antigay bias in the U.S. Armed Forces. Would that the odious discriminatory policy of the Pentagon were limited to those two instances. Unfortunately, gay service personnel like Joe Steffan and the lesbian reservist Gogola mentioned are released from the military at an astonishing rate. Since 1982, more than 10,000 men and women have been discharged from military duty on the basis of perceived or admitted homosexuality. That translates roughly into 1,110 individuals per year, or just over three persons per day.

My colleague Barbara Boxer and I have recently introduced a resolution in the House to instruct President Bush to rescind the ban on lesbians and gay men in the military. Our resolution has forty-seven sponsors. The resolution is straightforward, acknowledging what at least three studies by the Pentagon itself have already concluded: that gay men and lesbians have served our nation, at peace and at war, with the same dedication and professionalism as heterosexual service personnel.

Ted Weiss
Member of Congress

'POOR MAGIC'

Hollywood, Calif.

I'm rapidly approaching the tenth anniversary of my diagnosis with full-blown AIDS (I'm class of '82, as we say in the trenches). For obvious reasons, I was therefore shocked to read your otherwise well-meaning editorial's death sentence for Magic Johnson ["Magic's Show," [illegible] tragedy is not only that [illegible] se. . . . " I would have [illegible] ion would not buy into [illegible] conveyor-belt theory [illegible] ations parrot so glibly. Though p[illegible] acky and self-promoting, I refer you to my book, *Surviving AIDS* (HarperCollins), specifically the chapter "The Propaganda of Hopelessness."

The real tragedy of Magic Johnson's story is that, according to press reports, he is now taking AZT—a drug that will surely destroy whatever immune system Magic started out with. The well-documented major side-effect of AZT is bone marrow suppression. Bone marrow is the body's only source of new T-cells. The logic of treating people who have a disease defined by the precarious *loss* of T-cells with a drug that very effectively prevents the regeneration of new T-cells has always escaped me. And, according to government projections, people who manage to tolerate AZT for three years or more have nearly a 50 percent chance of developing lymphoma. Those same Dr. Mengeles who brought us AZT—a member of a class of drugs abandoned in the 1960s as *unfit for further human testing*, a drug that was mysteriously "rediscovered" and given to the disposable populations that make up the bulk of AIDS cases—have fallen all over themselves to discount the obvious likelihood that this staggering rate of lymphoma is the result of the promiscuous, genocidal use of a drug that is carcinogenic in the test tube and that causes tumors in animals. Poor Magic.

I sincerely believe that if Magic Johnson educates himself about his treatment options and avoids like, well, the plague accepting uncritically any advice that emanates from the government AIDS mafia, he may well grow old and grumpy like me, and live to collect Social Security. *Michael Callen*

Michael Callen is an inspiring hero of the AIDS struggle, an effective advocate for P.W.A.s and a valuable independent researcher into the phenomenon of survivability. But readers who have not been following the byzantine and often bitter therapeutic and political controversies in the AIDS and gay communities should know that the verdict is not in on AZT—or on Callen's theories.

The vast majority of doctors who actually treat AIDS patients have no doubt that AZT helps to prolong many lives, at least for months and perhaps for years. Its use, together with aerosolized pentamidine (for the very common, and deadly, pneumocystis pneumonia) and newer treatments for other opportunistic infections, is responsible for much of the life-lengthening that has occurred since the early days of the pandemic. At the same time, AIDS scientists as well as lay activists recognize that AZT is "not a very good drug," as one researcher recently said, and it has many serious toxic effects. Callen's theories about AZT's relation to lymphoma are not widely accepted; it is also believed that lymphoma is the type of opportunistic infection that, over time, will develop in many people with AIDS whether they take AZT or not.

In the same way, some people who follow Callen's advice do well—and most will die. Callen has interviewed many long-term survivors and finds that a number of them have followed the proscription against AZT that he and his New York physician recommend. But those alternatives no more guarantee survivability than AZT does. People diagnosed with HIV infection should investigate all the possibilities of treatment and not reject one or the other under assault from the polemics on both sides.

So violent is the experience of AIDS that even hope has been politicized. At the recent "Gathering of Remembrance and Renewal" at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, sponsored by the Gay Men's Health Crisis to commemorate ten years of AIDS, ABC news anchor Peter Jennings took issue with pioneer AIDS activist Larry Kramer for his prophecies of doom. It was Kramer (on Nightline*) who dramatically asserted that Magic Johnson "will become a pariah in six months" and will die, like the 40 million others in the world Kramer says are now HIV-positive, unless a cure is soon found. Jennings read a poem about hope written by his 11-year-old daughter. Of course hope is the popular position. But it is the reality of hopelessness that has galvanized and mobilized the anti-AIDS movement, a unique insurgency in history and a political development of the first magnitude.* *—The Editors*

RADICAL RAGS & LIBERAL MAGS

New York City

Our big disappointment with Daniel Harris's review "Lovely to Look At" [Dec. 2] is that, in his haste to tuck our book *The American Magazine* into his political framework, he overlooked some extraordinary history we include. We're referring to the editorial and graphic power of magazines such as *The Liberator*, *The Masses*, *Ramparts*, *Mother Jones*, *The Progressive*, *New Times*, *Utne Reader* and, yes, *The Nation*. (The book includes an original photographic essay on *The Nation* by an exceptional photojournalist, Eugene Richards.) *The American Magazine* is indeed an unabashed celebration of magazines, but one that prominently includes William Lloyd Garrison and his abolitionist *Liberator*, Ida Tarbell and her fellow muckrakers at *McClure's* and even an American flag with skulls, designed by Mark Twain as a protest against U.S. imperialism and reproduced on the cover of *Ramparts* at the time of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s death. It's a history of strong social and political conviction and witty, sharply satirical graphics. Ironically, it's a heritage, one would think, Harris and the *Nation* editors would want to lay claim to—and perhaps even imitate. *Amy Janello and Brennon Jones*

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EDITORIALS.

To Boldly Go

No major-party presidential candidate in living memory has delivered more scathing sermons against political corruption and elitist rule than Jerry Brown this year. He was particularly pungent when he spoke on January 14 to an S.R.O. audience at New York's New School for Social Research, as part of a series of forums with current candidates, co-sponsored by *The Nation*. Spiffy but serious in a white turtleneck and dark suit, Brown at once evoked the air of a Catholic militant and a Zen messenger as he railed against the perversion of the body politic by big money, craven officeholders and the materialistic media.

No other Democratic candidate this year even begins to make the radical connections between war, politics and corporate power that Brown sees as the matrix of the one-party state and the dictatorship of the incumbents. As he insists, the way to get a decent health care system, to convert military excess to domestic production, to restore the integrity of devastated communities and to create a world without want is to make a revolution that will allow ordinary people to participate in social decisions now made exclusively by the elites.

Unfortunately, Brown does not yet seem to have a plan to

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get from the auditorium of The New School into the corridors of power. If he knows how to make his revolution—to organize a popular movement with enough countervailing power to overwhelm the vested interests he rightly identifies—he has not told the voters. Instead, he invites people to send in $100 or less (he won't accept more, or any PAC money) and in some mystical way "become part" of his moral crusade.

There is something terribly attractive and, paradoxically, irresponsible about Brown's appeal. Who would not cheer when he provokes the smug and ossified political establishment in Washington? The dreams he spins are absolutely necessary for an electorate deprived of utopias and imagination.

At the same time, why should a dreamer and *provocateur* demand the enthusiasm, energy and interest of political workers and progressive activists in a year when he seems incapable of organizing a significant campaign for the presidency? If Brown is committed to his crusade to remake America over the long haul, this is indeed a good time to start. But his campaign must be as serious as his message. The stakes are too high for less.

What War?

Year After Gulf War, Joy Is a Ghost
—The New York Times, *January 16, 1992*

Perhaps what is scariest is the virtual memory lapse. A year ago there was an unprecedented focus of attention; now the retrospectives have been muted, almost downbeat. The Gulf War began without a strong popular mandate—about half the people in the United States preferred the sanctions route. But when the U.S.-dominated coalition began to display its mastery, first in the air, then on the ground, the popularity of the war rose steadily until it achieved dizzy heights by the cease-fire at the end of February. George Bush's approval ratings soared above 90 percent, despite the painful economic recession. The military commanders of Desert Storm, Generals Norman Schwarzkopf and Colin Powell, were hailed by the public and the mainstream media as presidential material. War fever peaked in May and June, producing hysterical parades across the nation for returning soldiers; yellow ribbons festooned workplaces, shopping malls and homes—a patriotic orgy that was actually the celebration of a massacre.

For better and worse, Americans have always been reluctant participants in war; isolationism was the overwhelmingly popular position at the outset of both world wars. War implies a mutuality of suffering, an uncertainty about outcomes, heavy losses of young men and women. The elite politics of the cold war, which generated fears of subversion from within, missiles from without and built on the so-called lessons of Munich, created a limited mandate for interventionist wars in the Third World—limited not in the extent of destruction or suffering inflicted but in relation to the level of acceptable losses. The Vietnam War became a trauma for Americans because it became a war—that is, losses on the American side were large enough to give the conflict a quality of reciprocity. Leaders in Washington tried to hide the real costs of Vietnam, promising a cheap, one-sided victory in a short time, assuring consumers that the expense of the war would not affect affluence at home. These were the lies, producing the famous "credibility gap."

Ever since Vietnam, American leaders have been looking for a formula that would permit the use of force in the Third World but avoid the semblance of war. The popular aversion to such wars had become "the Vietnam syndrome." Ronald Reagan displayed his grasp of this pressure when he quickly withdrew American forces from Lebanon after a terrorist attack killed 239 U.S. servicemen in a Marine barracks in 1983. He feared that Lebanon would become another "quagmire," to use the favorite word of U.S. policy-makers toward the end of the Vietnam era. Reagan went on to invade the tiny island of Grenada in the same year, to bomb Libya on a flimsy pretext in 1986 and to support indirectly the murderous onslaughts against the peoples of Nicaragua, El Salvador, Angola and Mozambique. Bush exhibited the same understanding when he invaded Panama in 1989, using massive force, mainly from the air, entering the country long enough to impose a political fix (kidnapping Noriega, installing a new leader) and then leaving the mess behind.

The gulf crisis challenged this pattern, but only superficially. Saddam Hussein was portrayed as a potent military threat to oil and Israel. A security interest was claimed, tied to the likelihood that Iraq would soon possess a nuclear bomb. As we now know, the "war" was not a war at all; it had the one-sidedness of torture. Casualty ratios approached 1,000 to 1; at least one-third of coalition casualties were caused by "friendly fire." The desperate, criminal efforts by Saddam to inflict reciprocal pain—the wildly inaccurate Scuds sent against Israel and Saudi Arabia, and the ecological terrorism of setting Kuwait's oil wells on fire and dumping more than a million barrels of oil into the gulf—amounted to flailing at the wind. No losses Iraq inflicted seemed real in a military sense to Americans, who could satisfy a thirst for victory and revel in the superiority of U.S. military technology. We could view Saddam as a demon who deserved devastation and the Iraqi people as part of the Islamic horde that had given rise to anti-Western terrorism.

Two final points. This celebration was never directly sadistic. Indeed, the media collaborated with the state in rendering the suffering of the Iraqi people invisible. Americans don't enjoy killing women and children, and if U.S. victories include such gore, the image-makers must be discreet; Americans want their victories clean and relish the amoral abstractions of hypermodern technology. Further, Bush realized that it is not possible to maintain the thrill of victory by entering into the process of political restructuring. The new, post-Vietnam formula is "destroy and abandon." In this regard Iraq is like Panama or Nicaragua or Lebanon.

But in Iraq the media didn't fully cooperate. They presented the war as the war-makers wanted, but not the aftermath. The spectacle of the Kurdish catastrophe was too vivid, and unlike Panama, where Noriega was removed, the demon of Baghdad remained the "legitimate" ruler of Iraq. The poetry of massacre no longer rhymed. Hence, the new American

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mood about the Gulf War, even that of the Bush people who were so exultant a few months ago, is to ignore the anniversary of the war, to forget, to pretend that the Iraqi people are not still bleeding, and to move on and focus the public gaze elsewhere. Part of this collective denial, truly a humanitarian scandal, is the maintenance of sanctions against Iraq, under the United Nations banner but resulting from U.S. leverage.

It becomes harder and harder to recall that this was supposed to be "a United Nations war," and that by supporting the use of force against Iraq a year ago governments were demonstrating that in the world after the cold war, the U.N. could finally work as intended. We now realize that the U.N. provided only the screen behind which the real players stood. As soon as the fighting started, the screen was removed, and the reality of a U.S. war was fully exposed. When the fighting stopped, the screen was restored, and now it is the U.N. that imposes sanctions on the Iraqi civilian population, while treating Saddam Hussein as a legitimate head of state. Progress? "New World Order"? RICHARD FALK

Haiti Deserted

The Haitian refugees fleeing their country are not the only victims of the Bush Administration's interdiction program. A further casualty is the Administration's policy on human rights in Haiti. From the moment Haitians took to the seas in large numbers, U.S. policy underwent a radical transformation, and an outspoken champion of human rights in Haiti became a shameful apologist for the military junta now ruling in Port-au-Prince. The Administration's shift has significantly reduced the cost to the Haitian Army of committing atrocities.

When the army overthrew Haiti's first freely elected government on September 30, 1991, the Administration forcefully condemned the action and demanded that President Jean-Bertrand Aristide be returned to power. For the next month, as Washington suspended virtually all aid to Haiti and joined the rest of the hemisphere in an embargo, the State Department repeatedly denounced the widespread killings in Haiti and vowed to reverse the coup. But all that changed in early November when substantial numbers of Haitians began fleeing by boat toward the United States. Although the Administration continued to operate behind the scenes in support of a political solution, it stopped its public criticism of army abuses, despite the army's violent campaign to stamp out Haiti's vibrant civil society.

Behind this sudden silence are the exigencies of the interdiction process. The program requires that the lawless and illegitimate government in Port-au-Prince be portrayed as essentially respectful of human rights and is premised on the fiction that refugees returned to Haiti will not face political persecution. The effect has been to relieve pressure on the army to halt political violence.

Worse, the Administration has begun to defend the army's abysmal human rights record. On December 13 the State Department's Office of Asylum Affairs issued its first opinion on human rights conditions in Haiti since the coup. At a time when hundreds of Aristide supporters had been killed and many more had been imprisoned, beaten or tortured, the State Department pronounced, "At this time we have no reason to believe that mere identification of an individual as an Aristide supporter puts that individual at particular risk of mistreatment or abuse." The statement made clear that the truth would be sacrificed in the Administration's quest to proceed with interdiction.

The opinion went on to assert: "There is no indication that persons returned [to Haiti] under the interdiction program are detained or subject to punishment by Haitian authorities." That claim contradicted an internal State Department cable sent just ten days earlier by the U.S. Embassy in Port-au-Prince describing the voluntary return of seventy-three Haitians.

According to the cable, soldiers rather than customs officials questioned the returning Haitians, thoroughly searched their persons and luggage, and brought them, apparently temporarily, to police headquarters, a notorious torture center. The cable recounted: "Soldiers told Embassy staff they were looking for 'everything' and that they read repatriates' letters and papers to find anything 'compromising.' Repatriates reported [that soldiers] questioned them to determine whether they are politically active." Clearly activists face an unenviable welcome if returned to Haiti.

The Administration could not have chosen a worse time to allow the demands of interdiction to color its human rights advocacy. Haiti's army is under increasing international pressure to allow Aristide's return. A first step in this process—the selection of a new Prime Minister—appears near with the emergence of a compromise figure, René Théodore, the moderate leader of the small Haitian Unified Communist Party. However, the army seeks to insure that before any transition occurs, Aristide's power base is obliterated. The army's violent attacks on popular organizations, church groups, trade unions and radio stations now escape U.S. censure. As a result, even if Haitians do manage to win the return of their President, he will be presiding over a mere shell of the dynamic political system he was forced to abandon. KENNETH ROTH

Kenneth Roth is deputy director of Human Rights Watch.

★

DINGBAT RE-EVALUATED

The Post *now says, in contrast to the portraits*
painting Quayle as hopeless joker,
He's fully mediocre.

He is, they say, without a doubt much smarter
than the average Irish setter.
This makes me feel much better.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I shall never be able to forget where I was standing on that dramatic day when President John Fitzgerald Kennedy nearly killed me. It was during the nuclear confrontation that arose out of his war on Cuba. In 1968 I visited the island in question and went to see a movie by the revolutionary director Santiago Alvarez. It was an agitprop piece called *LBJ*. The L, B and J of the title turned out to stand for "Luther, Bobby and Jack," and the whole film consisted of a none-too-elegant suggestion that Lyndon Baines Johnson was the usurping despot who had profited by, if not instigated, these three shattering American murders.

In October 1976, a Cuban civil airliner was blown up in mid-air as it left Barbados. All those aboard were killed. Among the flight attendants was the wife of Santiago Alvarez. The man arrested and jailed for organizing this then-unprecedented atrocity was a Cuban exile of the extreme right named Luis Posada Carrilles. He was and is a friend of Felix Rodriguez, another ultrarightist and a C.I.A. agent who assisted in the murder of Che Guevara and who, by dint of yeoman service in Vietnam and El Salvador, became a trusted friend of Donald Gregg. Mr. Gregg, who now serves as Ambassador to South Korea, was national security adviser to George Bush during the latter's shady vice presidency. Bush was also Director of Central Intelligence at the time of the slaughter of the crew and passengers of the Cuban airliner.

You would have to be a complete paranoid to see any connection between any of the above facts. There is, in the strict sense of consciousness and organization, no "connection" between them at all. They merely describe one aspect, and not the prettiest one, of the way things happen to be. It was highly likely, but not at all predetermined, that George Bush would be sitting in Langley at a time when a deniable subordinate of one of his deniable subordinates "went too far" in the execution of a policy—the destabilization of Cuba—that had been approved and sanctioned at a superior level. It would have taken a conspiracy to *prevent* such coincidences—an open conspiracy to contain the national security state and subject its agents to the rule of law—and such conspiracies, as we know, never occur.

I don't know if Oliver Stone ever saw *LBJ*, but if he did it helped give him the wrong idea (as well as the notion of a hieroglyphic three-letter film title). The dated, reactionary concept of President Kennedy as some young Siegfried of idealism is as stupid and ahistorical as the narcissistic pretense that a post-Hiroshima, post-McCarthy America was a country with "innocence" to "lose." Johnson himself, who was by no means a man of scruple, was shocked to receive a C.I.A. briefing on the Kennedy brothers and their Cuba policy, and exclaimed that his predecessor had been "running a goddamned Murder Incorporated in the Caribbean," which was no more than the truth.

But the fact that Kennedy was a howling little shit doesn't prove that there wasn't a plot to do him in. Indeed, like many a godfather before him, he may have been slain by precisely the same forces that he himself set in motion. If you run with the Mafia and with the scum of the Havana underworld, as Kennedy did and as "rogue elements" in his own C.I.A. were ordered to do, you run with people who believe in revenge. You also run with people who are irrational. It makes no sense for a thinking person to conclude that Kennedy wanted to end the cold war racket, but the cold war racketeers themselves were certainly crazy enough to see him as a traitor, and we happen to know that the Cuban exile/Mafia leadership did think this way.

The goons, of course, would not on their own have had the power to order a cover-up. But those who had covertly used the goons would have every reason to conceal even a rumor of their part in an assassination of the head of state. Allen Dulles (who served both as C.I.A. overseer of the Mafia operations in Cuba *and* as a member of the Warren Commission) went to great lengths to prevent the Warren Commission from finding out what the Church Committee was, twelve years too late, to make public. If Congress and the press had known of the Kennedy-Giancana-Rosselli connection in 1963, they obviously could not have been tranquilized so easily.

On this analysis, and given Lee Harvey Oswald's ties to the Cuban exile and criminal milieu, it doesn't matter whether he acted alone or not. As Eric Ambler puts it in *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, in these cases it's not who pulls the trigger but who pays for the bullet. Obviously it would be disappointing to find that Arlen Specter, now the ghastly Senator from Pennsylvania, was forensically accurate when he devised the idea of the "magic bullet." But a conspiracy doesn't need more than one assassin. The question is not did Oswald act alone but whom did he act for?

Why would a liberal icon like Earl Warren lend himself to such an exercise in concealment? For the same reason that people like him always do—namely to insure the Establishment version of "domestic tranquillity." Once admit the C.I.A./Mafia/Kennedy triangle and, straightaway, the history of the Cuban missile crisis is rewritten with Cuba as the victim of aggression. Furthermore, public confidence in the probity of government is badly shaken. A Warren Commission staffer named Melvin Eisenberg recalls Warren saying, after a meeting with L.B.J., "The President stated that rumors of the most exaggerated kind were circulating in the country and overseas" and "if not quenched, could conceivably lead the country into a war which could cost 40 million casualties. No one could refuse to do something which might help prevent such a possibility." By a nice coincidence, this was exactly the rationale offered by Arthur Liman for his own role in muffling the Congressional Iran/*contra* inquiry. As he said at Brown University on March 1, 1988: "Even if you concluded that the President was involved in the diversion, an impeachment process has a huge price. In a nuclear age it's something to be used sparingly. We were all very mindful of the fact that there was an opportunity for the negotiations with the Soviet Union . . . that if an impeachment process was started, that opportunity would be lost."

Stone would have made a more radical and authentic film if he had only depicted what we already know.

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ARYEH NEIER

During the years of the cold war—always a misnomer to the citizens of Third World countries ravaged by armies equipped and funded by the United States and the Soviet Union—African dictators like Samuel Kanyon Doe of Liberia, Mohamed Siad Barre of Somalia and Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire were important to our side. Liberia was where U.S. military planes landed and refueled on the West Coast of Africa. Somalia mattered because of its strategic location on the Horn of Africa, bordering Soviet-aligned Ethiopia and providing the United States with naval facilities at the port of Berbera. Zaire's sheer size and resources made it dominant in Central Africa; also, it shares borders with nine other African countries. United States aid to Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces attempting to overthrow Angola's Soviet and Cuban-backed M.P.L.A. government was supplied through Zaire.

Among the blessings of the end of the cold war is that it has allowed the resolution of wars like that in Angola. Yet now that superpower rivalry for geopolitical advantage is no longer a factor, the funds that previously flowed so plentifully to finance these wars are in short supply for the rebuilding of those devastated countries. They will have to struggle largely on their own to clear their fields of land mines, to cope with the enormous quantities of high-powered weapons in the hands of demobilized and unemployed young men, and to rebuild their economies.

The United States has a responsibility to try to stop the killing in Somalia.

As for dictators like Doe, Siad Barre and Mobutu, the first two have now been overthrown and Zaire's longtime tyrant seems to be on the ropes. While they ruled, it was not possible for a peaceful political opposition to form. Accordingly, in Liberia and Somalia, armed insurrections emerged to overthrow the oppressors. Fearing this, the dictators surrounded themselves with those they could trust most: Members of their own tribe or clan were placed in key positions, particularly in the armed forces. To maintain their loyalty, they were rewarded lavishly with ever-larger sums siphoned from the economy and from foreign aid. The resentments fueled by such corruption helped to insure that the struggle for power by those seeking to oust them would proceed along ethnic lines.

Fighting in the bloody civil war that broke out in Liberia a little more than two years ago was eventually brought under control by the introduction of troops from five countries of the Economic Community of West African States: Gambia, Ghana, Guinea, Nigeria and Sierra Leone. Nigeria supplied about 80 percent of the soldiers, but that caused problems and their number has now been reduced. Senegalese troops have been brought in to replace them. Although the situation in Liberia remains dire—there is no effective government for the country as a whole, a large part of the population is still displaced and refugees have doubled the population of Monrovia, the capital, to at least 800,000—most of the fighting has stopped, peace talks have been under way since a November 1990 cease-fire and elections organized with the help of a committee of West African states are to be held in the first half of 1992. Plainly, the regional intervention, even though it was flawed in the way it was carried out, was essential in making it possible for Liberia to recover.

No regional body that might intervene is available to help in Somalia, where, if anything, the fighting in the past two months has taken an even larger toll than did the slaughter at its height in Liberia. The Somali capital, Mogadishu, lies in ruins as forces representing rival subclans contending for power go at each other with the heavy weaponry that the United States and other countries supplied to the overthrown Siad Barre. In the process, they are killing and maiming thousands of noncombatants and threatening hundreds of thousands with death from starvation or disease because shipments of food and medicine are not coming in or cannot get to those who need them. As the cold war patron of the Siad Barre regime after 1979 (in response to the Soviet Union's shift of support to Ethiopia), the United States has a responsibility to take the lead in securing international intervention to stop the killing and alleviate the suffering. Violation of sovereignty should be of no concern because there is no government in Somalia and it is evident that Somalis—other than the fighters—are desperate for intervention.

The first step should be to put Somalia on the agenda of the United Nations Security Council. Some officials in the State Department and in the United States Mission to the U.N. are pressing for this step, but others oppose it, claiming that it would set a precedent that might soon have to be followed in Zaire, where the costs of intervention would be many times greater. Inevitably, the United States would have to pay a large part of the bill, whether the intervention involves sending a peacekeeping force or is limited to an effort to mediate the conflict coupled with the massive delivery of humanitarian assistance in a way that insures that it gets to those who require it. The National Security Council reportedly opposes any U.S. intervention, even under the U.N. umbrella, perhaps because it wants to shield President Bush from criticism for undertaking another foreign adventure, especially one that carries a price tag, during this election year.

It was indecent for the United States to prop up the cruel and corrupt Siad Barre regime for a decade during the cold war years in exchange for the use of Somalia's strategically located port. It was indecent to supply the Siad Barre regime with tons of weapons that were employed principally against Somali civilians. Now it would be even more indecent to sit back and do nothing while Somali thugs who have gotten their hands on those weapons massacre the country's civilian population. It is time to do the decent thing.

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ARTICLES.

CLINTON ALREADY?

The Manufactured Candidate

ANDREW KOPKIND

Manchester, New Hampshire

It was said of Belgrade after World War II that there was nothing in the shops except dead flies and pictures of Tito. So it is this winter in Manchester, minus the pictures. There are enough empty storefronts on Elm Street to serve as headquarters for a hundred candidates in the February 18 presidential primary. Once home to the biggest textile mill complex in the world, Manchester seems to have no future save as a theme park about the devolution of America. In this Decline World, factories have flown, malls are empty, condos are bankrupt, banks are failing, the service-sector boom of the Reagan 1980s has gone bust and unemployment has almost tripled since the 1988 primary. And the elms are all dead.

On a damp Sunday morning in January, Elm Street is a dead zone. Traffic lights blink on and off gratuitously to lanes devoid of cars. Torn sheets of green plastic flap idly around an abandoned construction site. Except for a posse of transient advance men, handlers and media persons gathered to start the day campaigning with Bill Clinton, only one local citizen is visible, a tall, disheveled youngish man with a graying beard, camouflage cap, tattered parka and dark aviator glasses. His hands are plunged in his pockets and his shoulders seem permanently hunched against the cold.

"Going down, isn't it?" he says suddenly as we pass, in front of a shuttered porn mart the Clinton people call "the adult book store."

"It looks that way," I agree tentatively.

"Going down," he repeats, and walks away without turning.

In many ways, Bill Clinton is the prophetic candidate of decline. The young and personable Arkansas Governor begins his basic rap—at house parties, club meetings, nursing homes and wherever else a crowd is collected—with a litany of economic deterioration. "We [candidates always assume the identity of the places they seek to represent] used to be the world's banker, now we're the world's biggest debtor," he says. "American workers used to be the best paid, now we're tenth. We used to be eighth in income equality, now we're dead last. The Fortune 500 have announced 300,000 layoffs in the last thirty days." Infrastructure is crumbling, education doesn't work, pollution is pandemic, there's no health system to speak of, manufacturing is disappearing: Clinton counts the woes.

Clinton is arguably the most articulate and certainly the best informed of the candidates chronicling decline in this recession season, when economic failure provides the context for politics. It is not unreasonable, however, to ask, "Compared to what?" Mario Cuomo might have done it with more zing, but he has assigned himself the role of kibitzer rather than player, and that vastly diminishes his impact. Jerry Brown has a strong but one-note message about a single "incumbent party" and the "corruption" of the political system, Paul Tsongas is passionless and unpresidential, Tom Harkin is bombastic and unattached to any populist movement he pretends to lead and Bob Kerrey is fixated on his own war record and sinking fast.

That leaves Clinton in front of the pack (already preshrunk by the departure of Douglas Wilder and George McGovern) and perhaps unstoppable except by an obstacle of his own erection. The experience of 1988 suggests that Democrats are eminently capable of destroying their own campaigns, both by suicidal behavior (Gary Hart's philandering, Joe Biden's plagiarism) and by sudden blackouts of imagination (Dukakis's collapse after the party's national convention). The primary season has just begun (it doesn't end till June), and a slip of the tongue or a fall on a banana peel could derail any one of these characters.

Barring such disasters, Clinton has a clear shot at the nomination. He is now winning the all-important "first primary"—fundraising—after pulling ahead of PAC-man Harkin in the December sweeps. It's true that mainly the money and political elites—not the masses—are giving him initial momentum, and that leaves an opening for a candidate who can rouse the common man somewhere down the line. But already the media are swooning in his wake: Joe Klein of *New York* and Michael Kramer of *Time* act as if they're part of the campaign (Klein actually "spins" for Clinton and explains his policies to reporters on the trail; he maintains for all to hear that Clinton is "the smartest politician I've ever met"). *The New York Times* is employing another pro-Clinton tactic by bashing Kerrey for his personal business practices. Economics columnist Bob Kuttner of *The Boston Globe* detects "a genuine bandwagon" for Clinton, "a Democrat . . . who is not only adroit as a candidate but who also might govern competently." He neglects to say he helped assemble said wagon. Even *Times* columnist William Safire, an anti-Bush Reaganite, is boosting Clinton, for his uncompromising defense of Israeli demands on the U.S. Treasury.

The enthusiastic support of political intellectuals has been the key to Clinton's success so far. While Harkin had some Big Labor, Tsongas some high-tech business, Wilder some blacks and Brown some self-identified progressives, Clinton organized the opinion-leaders and gatekeepers in the cool center of the political establishment. It didn't happen by accident. A founding member (and recent chair) of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, he directed the development of an ideology to support his campaign. As Clinton and friends begat the D.L.C., so the D.L.C. begat the P.P.I., the Progressive Policy Institute, a Washington think tank that fires off neoliberal proposals like a Salad Shooter spews lettuce shreds.

Not only that, but P.P.I. heavies and adherents have converged on Op-Ed pages all over the United States in a deliberate drive to legitimize Clinton and the ideology of Clintonism

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that the institute has created. For example, Elaine Ciulla Kamarck, a P.P.I. senior fellow and Clinton groupie, is now a regular contributor to both the *Los Angeles Times* and *Newsday*. Her first effort posed six "killer questions" for candidates, all of which only Clinton would answer to her liking; the second was an out-and-out endorsement of Clinton's "centrist ways" as the best antidote to Bush. In a similar conceit, the op-edible Abe Rosenthal of *The New York Times* listed ten "errors" he said Bush made in foreign policy, virtually all of them on the "left" side of the issues (failure to devastate Iraq fully and murder Saddam, skepticism on Israel). Clinton, among all the Democrats, is on the Rosenthal side.

What Kuttner calls "an astonishingly broad diversity of Democratic activists" have reported for duty in Camp Clinton. Harold Ickes, son of F.D.R.'s Interior Secretary of the same name and four years ago a Jesse Jackson stalwart, is shepherding Clinton around New York City and organizing local labor leaders for his cause. He has already attracted some key unionists, such as Stanley Hill and Dennis Rivera (co-chairmen of Jackson's drive last time); Rivera likes Harkin but is helping Clinton too, his aides say, for the "winnability" factor. James Carville, the political consultant who scored the season's first hit by masterminding Harris Wofford's senatorial victory in Pennsylvania, is always inches away from Clinton's ear. Liberals like pollster Stanley Greenberg (out of Senator Christopher Dodd and Governor Jim Florio), media man Frank Greer (Fred Harris in '76, et seq.) and campaign manager David Wilhelm (Senator Paul Simon's ex) have moved to the right and into the Clinton center. Such swarming of the columnists, academics and political mandarins recalls the time thirtysomething years ago when the likes of Joe Kraft, the Alsop brothers, Arthur Schlesinger, Walt Rostow and the future knights of Camelot bought their tickets to ride with John Kennedy into the White House.

The more America declines, the better will Clinton's chances be to become President. If the recession is as deep and intractable as now seems the case, the candidate who can give voice to suffering citizens and provide clear plans for action at least stands a chance against the expected Bush blitzkrieg.

The only problem for Clinton at this point is Clinton himself. His policy papers have great preambles and solid introductions, but then they go blank. If there are no second acts in Americans' lives, there are no second pages in Clinton's proposals. Take health care (*please!*). Clinton begins with an eloquent statement of the problem: "We are the only advanced nation in the world that doesn't provide health care to all its citizens and doesn't take the lead in controlling costs. In the first year of the Clinton Administration, Congress and I will deliver quality, affordable health care for all Americans." And then? There is no then, then. He says he'll base his health system on models in Hawaii, Germany and "Europe." He promises coverage for the uncovered but doesn't say how much or what kind. He vows to control costs with vague notions of "insurance reform" and the elimination of "administrative waste" and "billing fraud." To solve the elder-care crisis, he would provide "choices" for old people who still have a lot of money. And to cap off his health pla swears he won't increase taxes. Read his lips.

His long-term economic strategy is, if anything, even n indistinct. The devastating statistics of decline he cites do lead to ideas of equal weight. He does give New Hampsi audiences a taste of his short-term plans for the econor speed up work under the new transportation bill (which Bu signed in Texas before he flew to Asia), help small business with capital gains and investment tax breaks, beef up feder housing loans and, tastiest of all, cut "middle class" taxes b 10 percent, giving the average family about $400 to spen "paying off credit card loans" and, perhaps, sending the kid to Yale or buying a new Buick.

The United States is the only major country in the world without an economic strategy, Clinton points out, and that's why manufacturing is dwindling, the Japanese are winning and wages are dropping. His solution is to "deliver quality, affordable health care," encourage manufacturing, reduce interest on the national debt and train young people for skilled work. Is it my imagination or is the dog chasing its own tail? Everything is dependent on a contingency. American cars, he says, have more than $700 in health insurance costs "built into them," while Japanese cars roll off the line with only 200 health care dollars in each chassis. Provide cheaper health care and Detroit will boom and spark a significant reindustrialization of America, Q.E.D. Tax revenues will rise and the debt will decrease. There will be skilled jobs at high wages for young people who go through Clinton's apprenticeship program. Cut military spending and spend the "peace dividend" on social improvements. But wait. Re-examine the premise, and the logical train is derailed before it leaves the station.

Like Michael Dukakis in 1988, Clinton refers to the marvels of his home state as models for national action. Duka-

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s promise of "good jobs at good wages" had as its basis high-tech, service-rich "Massachusetts miracle," fueled the Carter-Reagan military expenditure extravaganza and by explosion of consumption in the 1980s. Elect Dukakis, we re told, and the whole country will experience Massachutts' *Wirtschaftswunder.* Unfortunately for the Duke, the wa caucuses had not yet been held when the *Wunder* started go under. A year later, when Dukakis assured his voters he would not stand again for Governor of the state he helped un into the ground, Massachusetts was the basket case of the country, and it soon brought the rest of New England under with it.

Clinton offers no evidence that he can reverse the decline of politics in America.

Clinton also promises a "high-wage, high-growth, high-opportunity society" and he refers to many programs in Arkansas as models for his national plan. But even a cursory look at his state shows that his investment strategy over eleven years as Governor there has been the opposite of what he claims. Arkansas is essentially an anti-union state with a "right to work" law that depresses wages and benefits for workers and inhibits the expansion of a skilled labor force. The vaunted Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, the incarnation of Clinton's investment strategy, paves the way for low-wage industrial growth by keeping the state union-free. Clinton has never sought to change the anti-union climate. Nor has he even gone the short distance toward curbing factory flight that Dukakis traveled in enacting a law mandating that workers be notified if their companies shut down. Quite the opposite: Clinton joined anti-union forces in endorsing President Bush's "fast track" negotiations with Mexico for a free trade treaty that would undoubtedly accelerate flight.

When New Hampshire voters recently made redundant by factory flight ask Clinton what he'd do to stanch the job hemorrhaging, he answers that increased productivity (e.g. speedup), quality control of goods and better management will neutralize the wage benefit offered by the *maquiladoras* of Mexico and the sweatshops of Singapore. "German manufacturing workers work shorter work weeks, earn 20 percent more [than American workers]"; they are provided with child care, parental leave, universal health care and other benefits by the state. And why? "They work smarter," they're better "organized." Not as in "organized labor," of course, but as in organized by management. No mention here of the absolutely crucial role of the militant unions (and their social democratic political allies) in Germany, which really accounts for the workers' prosperity.

Arkansas's tax structure gives enormous breaks to both new and established businesses, while maintaining a regressive and antiworker sales tax on groceries and nonprescription drugs. Clinton has said he's against that tax, but he opposed its repeal by voter initiative and by legislative action. And his bid to be the "environmental candidate" rings hollow when seen against his state's dismal record. The current "Green Index" of America's environmental health lists Arkansas forty-eighth among the states in overall environmental practices. Businesses looking to relocate in Arkansas must be pleased to find such an unregulated atmosphere.

In the end, every Clinton position seems to have a "trap door," as an Arkansas journalist who has followed him for a long time observed. Like this escape hatch: Clinton says he's for women's reproductive choice, but he ducks out of the abortion struggle by opposing Medicaid assistance for most poor women seeking abortion (in Arkansas) and by supporting some "parental notification" legislation, effectively limiting choice in a population that badly needs that right just to survive.

Bill Clinton offers no evidence that he can reverse the decline of politics in America that seems to have accompanied the decline of economics. Like Dukakis, he has embarked on a campaign that will contract the electorate rather than expand it. Reports from his pollsters and focus group leaders recommend that he never speak of the poor, of blacks or Latinos, of women or gays, of labor unions, of cities, of the working class, of power. He is permitted to mention the unemployed only if it is clear that he is speaking of the temporarily unfortunate. Welfare is considered a problem, like AIDS for Bush, to be solved by changing the behavior of the afflicted. Clinton projects a spurious idea of "unity," "personal responsibility" and "citizenship" that codifies middle-class manners and interests.

For two decades, Democrats have debated electoral strategies. Some have suggested that only a campaign that brings nonvoters—the young, the poor, minorities and the uneducated—into the polls can create a new majority to overcome the white middle-class suburban vote for Republicans in national elections. Others, like Dukakis (until ten days before the 1988 election) and now Clinton, seem to have given up on democracy for the many and concentrate on appealing to the relative few who do vote. The idea is to grab the so-called white, Southern and disaffected blue-collar "swing vote" away from the Republicans and return it to the Democrats who lost it long ago because of an invidious association with civil rights and peace. At this writing, there can be no proof that either strategy will be successful. Expansion has really never been tried, and no Democrat has managed to trash blacks, the poor and the peace people enough to please a sufficient number of swing voters. It remains for Clinton to try again.

Barring an accident (and as William Burroughs said, there are no accidents), Clinton's campaign will demand the attention and energy of everyone within the Democratic Party's ambit for the next nine months. For progressives and the left, it will not be an easy gestation period. Although Clinton does have a valid claim to a personal history in progressive politics, he has abandoned all but a few of its traces in the discourse he now employs. His trajectory is a lot like Gary Hart's. Both moved from the McGovern campaign of 1972 into a fuzzy neoliberal project that spoke of "new ideas" but decried "spe-

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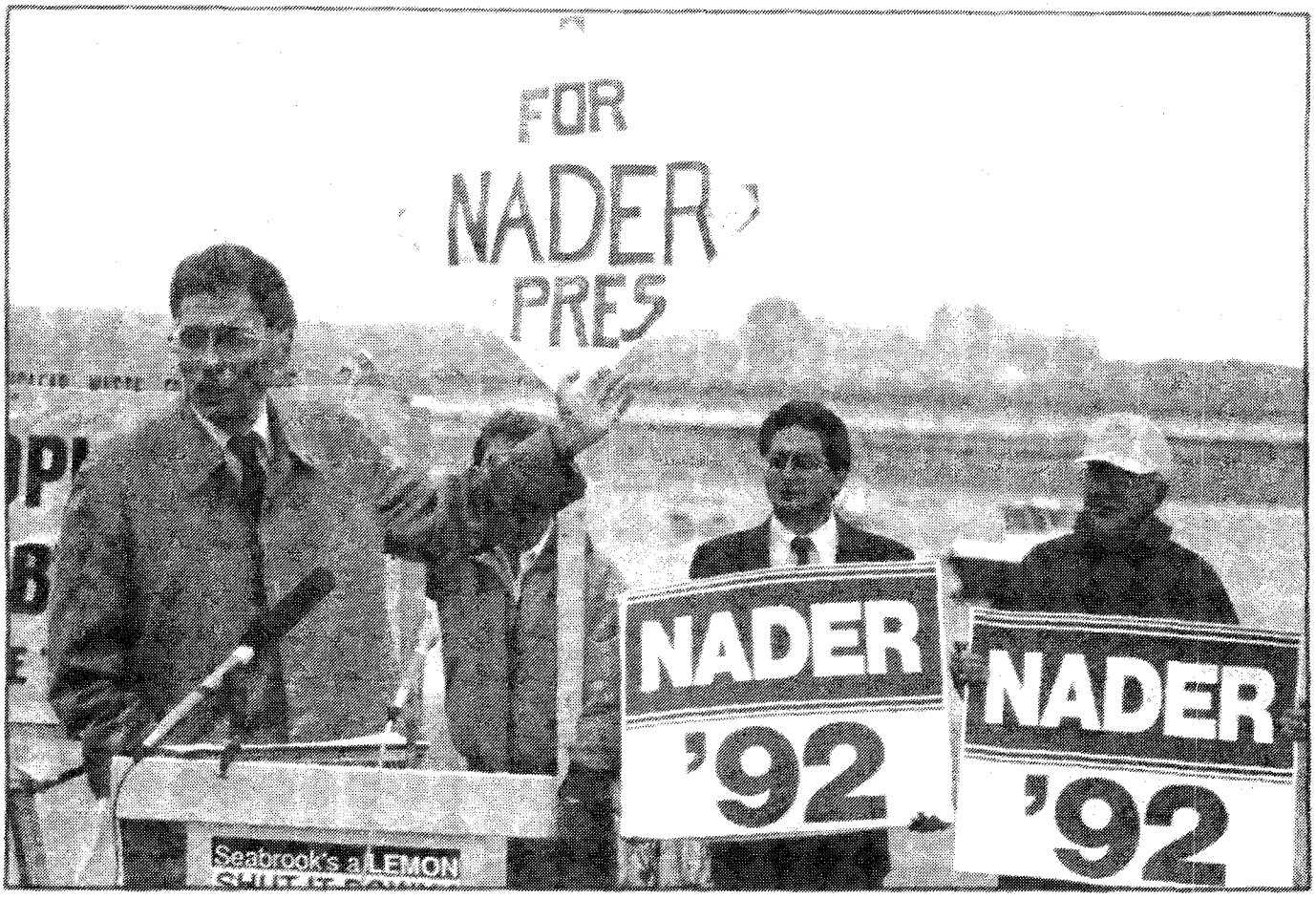

RODNEY CURTIS / Monitor staff

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cial interests"—that is, the insurgent constituencies that gave both of them their start.

It is virtually impossible for the remaining progressives within the Democratic Party to have much influence on Clinton's political direction. They will console themselves along the way with arguments that he is "better than Bush," which is certainly true when it comes to certain social and economic issues, although not necessarily the case in some foreign policy spheres, particularly the Middle East. But in terms of making any meaningful change in the way America works—from the delivery of health care to the redistribution of power—Clinton offers nothing of interest. The transformative moment that seemed at hand four years ago has passed. This is a status quo election. America is still a one-party state.

Clinton's success must be counted in the devalued currency of American politics. His is a masterpiece of manufacturing, a triumph of positioning rather than positions, an encyclopedia of first pages and a political dictionary of few words. "It's prime meat," a veteran liberal activist said of Clinton's campaign in New Hampshire last month. "The voters will be drawn to it like dogs to sirloin steak. But it may be *too* good, too perfect. Then they'll sniff for a long time, and walk away." □

WORLD ARMS MART

It's Business As Usual

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Scarcely two weeks after the United States pledged in London to restrain its arms sales to the Middle East, U.S. corporate and military officials began negotiating a $5 billion sale of seventy-two McDonnell Douglas F-15 Eagle fighters to the Saudi government. Washington is not expected to approve the sale of all seventy-two fighters at once, but the Saudi wish list will eventually be filled—one of many multibillion-dollar arms transactions in the Middle East as U.S. arms makers seek to reap the benefits of America's role in defending Saudi Arabia against Saddam Hussein. With other arms-producing countries looking for a share of the lucrative Middle East military market, sales to the region are likely to reach record levels—thereby sabotaging the proclaimed U.S. policy of limiting conventional arms exports to areas of conflict.

For thirty-five years, the major military suppliers—Britain, France, the former Soviet Union and the United States—have been providing their allies and clients in the Third World with billions of dollars' worth of advanced weaponry every year. In the 1980s alone, total arms acquisitions by Third World countries amounted to $427 billion (in constant 1988 dollars), with the great bulk of this equipment going to the Middle East and South Asia. These acquisitions have stimulated local arms rivalries, fueled regional conflicts and fed the hegemonic aspirations of emerging powers like Iraq. And while exports of nuclear and chemical weapons have long been prohibited by international treaties and agreements, only recently have major world leaders begun to consider the imposition of significant restraints on *conventional* arms transfers.

The goal of curbing conventional military sales was first brought to priority status in the fall of 1990, when it became palpably clear that uncontrolled arms exports in the 1980s had turned Iraq's war machine into a powerful behemoth. Once the Gulf War commenced, U.S. and other coalition officials announced that the adoption of such constraints would be a major objective in the post-conflict period. "The time has come," Secretary of State James Baker told the House Foreign Relations Committee on February 6, 1991, "to try to change the destructive pattern of military competition and proliferation in [the Middle East] and to reduce the arms flow into an area that is already very over-militarized."

On May 29, President Bush announced a "Middle East Arms Control Initiative" aimed at curbing the spread of nuclear and chemical munitions, ballistic missiles and conventional weapons. In announcing the initiative, Bush indicated that his goal was "halting the proliferation of conventional and unconventional weapons in the Middle East, while supporting the legitimate need of every state to defend itself." He also said the five permanent members of the U.N. Security Council (the "Big Five") should consider the adoption of mutual "guidelines" for the control of foreign military sales. This proposal was accepted by the other nations involved, and on July 8-9 representatives of the Big Five met in Paris. After several more months of negotiations, they met again in London on October 17-18 and adopted a preliminary statement of the proposed guidelines.

According to the final communiqué of the London meeting, the Big Five promised to avoid arms transfers that would be likely to:

(a) prolong or aggravate an existing armed conflict
(b) increase tension in a region or contribute to regional instability
(c) introduce destabilizing military capabilities in a region
(d) contravene embargoes or other relevant internationally agreed restraints to which they are parties
(e) be used other than for the legitimate defense and security needs of the recipient state

In addition, the Big Five affirmed their support for the establishment, under U.N. supervision, of an annual "register" of all international arms transactions.

If rigorously followed by all parties involved, these guidelines could produce a significant reduction in the export of high-tech munitions to areas of conflict and tension. However, the proposed guidelines do not constitute a binding agreement, nor do they establish any mechanisms for insuring compliance. The major producers are free to go on selling weapons as before so long as they can claim to be following the London guidelines—and when has any government ad-

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mitted to other than meeting legitimate security needs when it supplies arms to a foreign power?

To make matters worse, leaders of the major supplying nations are being subjected to intense counterpressures from arms manufacturers at home and traditional customers in the Third World. Reeling from a decline in domestic and intra-alliance military purchases as a result of the end of the cold war, many arms companies are campaigning for an increase in sales to the Third World. At the same time, many Third World nations want to replace existing inventories with the high-tech weapons used by the United States and its allies to cripple Iraqi forces during Operation Desert Storm.

Evidence for this countertrend is found in the multiple sales announced by the major suppliers since the end of Desert Storm. On February 28, the very day the war ended, President Bush announced a $1.6 billion sale of F-16 fighters and advanced munitions to Egypt, a major ally in the Persian Gulf conflict. In subsequent months, the United States agreed to sell twenty AH-64 Apache attack helicopters to the United Arab Emirates, twenty F-16 fighters to Morocco, $365 million worth of cluster bombs and other munitions to Saudi Arabia, eighty F-16s to Turkey, 119 V-300 Commando armored vehi-
'es to Oman and ten used F-15s to Israel. Queried about the
'urn in U.S. military sales at a time when Bush was tout-
'e need for restraint, Under Secretary of State Reginald
lomew—the U.S. representative to the Big Five meet-
'd Congress that "it is in no way a contradiction to
neously seeking an arms transfer regime with the
suppliers and continuing to supply arms needed
fo tes to defend themselves."
sold tes is not the only country seeking new sales
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Saudi Arab this same period, Moscow reportedly
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Economic and pricing factors. These arise from the rela- eir clients and
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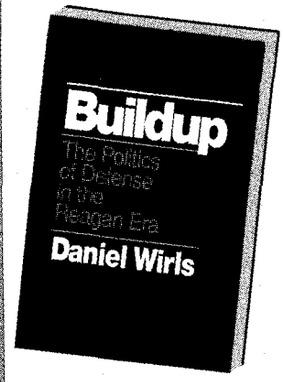

In his insightful book, Daniel Wirls clarifies the relationship between defense policy and domestic policy during the Reagan era. He examines three defense policies—the Strategic Defense Initiative, the nuclear freeze proposal, and the attempts by the military reform lobby in Congress to change the Pentagon's procurement practices. $31.50

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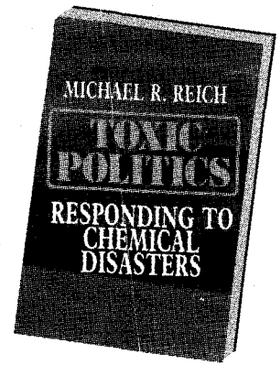

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lying nations and the relative ability of recipients to finance he acquisition of arms.

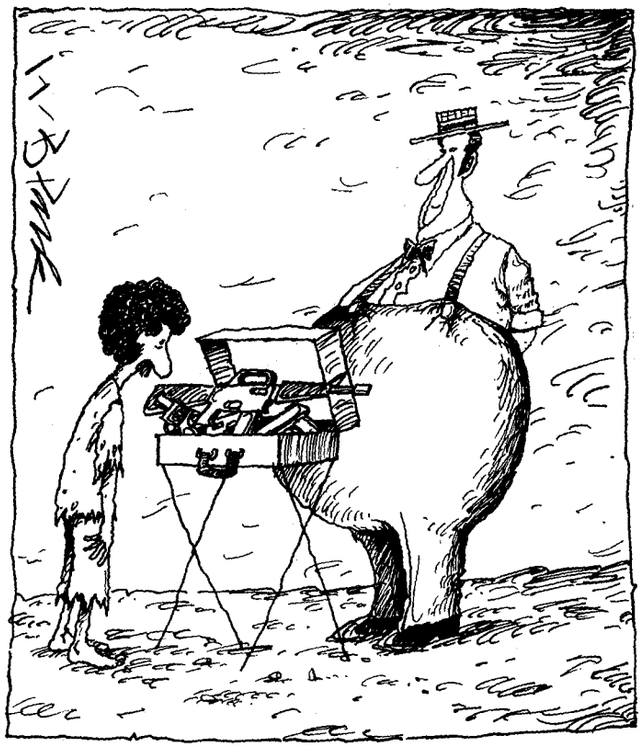
These factors should be seen as composing a giant matrix, in which each may interact positively or negatively, either promoting or inhibiting arms transfers at any given time. There is likely to be an upsurge in arms transfers when "positive" conditions prevail—that is, when suppliers are motivated by strong security concerns to arm their allies and recipients feel acutely threatened by rivals; or when suppliers have excess productive capacity and buyers have surplus funds. Similarly, the replacement of "positive" conditions by "negative" ones is likely to produce a contraction in sales. A mixture of "positive" and "negative" conditions will in all likelihood produce a relatively stable arms flow, lacking either sharp ups or downs.

The impact of these varying conditions can be traced over the past twenty years. A generally "positive" set of conditions prevailed in the 1970s and early 1980s, when (1) the United States was driven by the Nixon Doctrine, and later by the policies of the Reagan Administration, to bolster the military capabilities of its allies abroad; (2) the U.S.S.R. was motivated by the Brezhnev policies to expand its presence in the Third World; (3) many Third World nations felt threatened by regional rivals and/or by insurgent groups backed by one or another of the superpowers; (4) most Third World nations lacked modern tanks, planes and missiles of the types found in the arsenals of the major powers; (5) the end of the Vietnam War left the United States with excess productive capacity; (6) the Soviet military buildup of the post-Khrushchev period resulted in excess productive capacity in the U.S.S.R.; and (7) the OPEC oil price rise of 1974 provided the oil-exporting nations (and their allies) with a substantial cash surplus with which to purchase arms.

The effects of this extraordinary convergence of "positive" conditions are clearly visible in the published data on arms transfers. According to the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (A.C.D.A.), the combined annual value of arms imports by the developing nations rose from $16 billion in 1974 to $32.1 billion in 1982 (in constant 1982 dollars). A similar picture emerges in the annual *Yearbook* of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, which documents a significant increase in the number of Third World nations obtaining advanced weapons systems in this period.

In the mid-1980s, the conditions that had encouraged arms transfers in the 1970s and early 1980s began to be supplanted by less favorable ones. These included (1) an easing of cold war antagonisms that had characterized U.S. policy during the early Reagan era; (2) a decline, under Mikhail Gorbachev, in Soviet assistance to allies and clients in the Third World; (3) the termination or winding down of several superpower-fueled conflicts in the Third World; (4) little surplus capacity in the U.S. arms industry as companies labored to fulfill the Pentagon orders placed in the early Reagan period; (5) the onset of *perestroika* in the U.S.S.R., with increasingly deleterious effects on Soviet productive capabilities; (6) severe economic hardship in many debt-burdened Third [illegible] countries; (7) a sharp decline in the national inc[illegible] oil-producing countries due to a drop in oil pri[illegible] exponential increase in the cost of sophistic[illegible]

The statistical data reflect these negative[illegible] ing to the A.C.D.A., arms imports by Thi[illegible] dropped from an average of $47 billion[illegible] to $40 billion in 1985-88 (in constant[illegible] same time, statistics on the transfer[illegible] types compiled by the Congressiona[illegible] a sharp decline in the acquisition [illegible] bat planes, large surface ships ar[illegible] tems in the 1985-88 period as [illegible]



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The Adr[illegible] by any o[illegible] since the end of the Persian Gulf war. "We simply can't fall into the trap of [saying] that arms control means we don't

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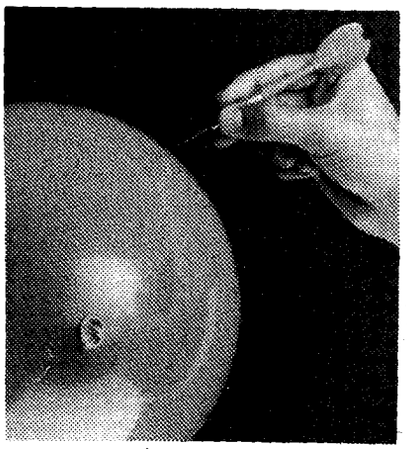

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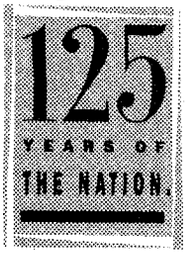

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If such initiatives are to make any real headway, U.S. leaders and their counterparts abroad must abandon the notion that it is safe to sell conventional arms to other powers while it is not safe to provide nuclear and chemical arms. Conventional, nuclear and chemical arms are all part of a continuous spectrum of war-fighting instruments, and recipient countries will choose from across the breadth of this spectrum the weapons that best serve their military needs at any given time. It is the recipient, not the supplier, who will determine when national interests compel the initiation of hostilities, the oppression of national minorities or the occupation of neighboring lands. An unconstrained trade in conventional weapons can only increase recipient autonomy and thus frustrate efforts to conclude regional peace agreements such as those proposed for the Middle East.

If President Bush is serious about constraining the flow of conventional arms and promoting regional stability, he should impose a moratorium on further sales until binding constraints are adopted by the Big Five. And if he is not prepared to do this, then Congress should take responsibility for imposing tight controls on the export of arms. □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Germany Muscles In

DANIEL SINGER

At the turn of the year, the Western media, like latter-day Columbuses, suddenly discovered that Europe was speaking with an increasingly strong German accent. Their surprise was surprising. For quite a time it has been obvious that the cliché about Germany being an economic giant and a political dwarf, ephemeral by definition, was by now obsolete [see "Herr Kohl's New Economic Order," August 13/20, 1990]. The reunification, while temporarily an economic burden, is bound to increase still further the great weight of Germany at the heart of Europe.

But this ultimate signal of the end of the cold war had another political consequence. As long as the world was divided in two and West Germany, in the frontline of the capitalist camp, considered that it required the U.S. nuclear umbrella for its protection, it could not lead a West European alliance likely to question the American domination. The division, however, disappearing, Germany emerged as a potential federator of the European Economic Community. Furthermore, since *Realpolitik*, too, abhors the void, the dramatic collapse of the Soviet Union now means that Germany is destined to play a key role not only in the western half of Europe but, to borrow the Gaullist expression inspired by nineteenth-century textbooks, "from the Atlantic to the Urals."

The news finally hit the Western headlines because on a single day, December 19, Bonn (or should one now say again Berlin?) chose to show twice, with ostentation, its hegemonic posture. The first example was a confirmation of its economic might. Earlier that month, in Maastricht, the Netherlands, the members of the E.E.C. decided that by the end of the millennium they will form a monetary union, adopt a common currency and inaugurate a joint central bank modeled on the Bundesbank. Meanwhile, they were to reinforce their financial collaboration. Yet within ten days, without warning and for its own reasons (which were connected with reunification: to strengthen the mark; to combat inflation, now running at 4 percent; and to weaken the hand of the unions in wage negotiations), Germany raised its lending rates by half a percent, to a level unprecedented since the mark was restored after the war. Countries like Belgium, the Netherlands and Denmark, whose currencies are directly tied to the mark, had to fall into line on this occasion; but allegedly more independent members of the European Monetary System (E.M.S.), like Italy and France, were also shaken. When the U.S. Federal Reserve Board then moved in the opposite direction and broke a seventy-seven-year-old record by cutting its discount rate to 3.5 percent, the pressures on E.M.S. currencies proved too strong to resist. France, in particular, had to follow Germany upward, although with unemployment reaching 10 percent of the labor force it had no need for a tighter policy. Germany's partners are thus painfully learning that they live virtually in the mark area, where the prevailing rule is that "everybody is out of step but Helmut."

The second example, the diplomatic recognition of Croatia and Slovenia, was political and more symbolic. I will not enter here into a discussion of the respective merits of Serbian and Croatian nationalism (for me both are repellent or, as Heine put it in German, *alle beide stinken*). Relevant for our argument is the way the Germans twisted the arms of their E.E.C. allies on this issue. For all sorts of reasons, having to do with the feelings of German tourists, who take holidays on the Dalmatian coast, and the political pressure of Croatian immigrant workers in Germany, but also with the fact that the two republics had been and will soon again be within its sphere of influence, Germany was in a hurry to recognize them, whereas Britain and France were not.

Indeed, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the German Foreign Minister, told the outgoing Secretary General of the United Nations, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, and by proxy Secretary of State James Baker, in rather undiplomatic terms what he thought of their strictures against prompt recognition. Faced with such German passion, the British and the French caved in. After all, in Maastricht the Twelve had just waffled about the coordination of their foreign policies and this was, therefore, not the moment for a spectacular split. And so a council of foreign ministers of the E.E.C. was summoned, and it proclaimed that the breakaway Yugoslav republics would be recognized by the community on January 15, provided they fulfilled the newly defined conditions, including democratic principles and respect for ethnic minorities and established frontiers. Even this was not enough for Herr Genscher: The German government announced its recognition of Croatia and Slovenia without waiting for the European formalities. What is significant here is not that the Germans carried the day, which

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent.*

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they have often done in the past. It is that they no longer bother to conceal their arrogance.

On reflection, it is wrong to speak of a German accent. Like the British or the French, the Germans too can speak with different voices and varying accents. What we are hearing today, and what insures their rise within the E.E.C., is not the voice of Goethe or Marx; it is that of Bismarck and the Bundesbank. If Germany now has a dominant position within the community, it is largely because of its industrial and monetary might. It is also because it is the champion of capitalist financial orthodoxy and, therefore, its ascendancy tells us a great deal about the evolution of the E.E.C. in the past fifteen years or so. The Maastricht meeting, with its painfully reached projections into the future, is a good moment to take stock.

By the end of this year the E.E.C. should have a single market with no internal customs barriers. By the end of the decade it should have a single currency, the ecu, which logically should lead to a common economic policy. Admittedly, it is not known how many of the members will by then have passed the "convergence tests." (Will Britain be willing? Will Italy and Spain, let alone Greece and Portugal, be able to join at once?) The shape is thus uncertain, but the direction is not: Although the word was not actually used, Western Europe is headed toward some form of federation. Its makers share the common wisdom, prevailing everywhere except in the former Soviet Union, that the age belongs to big ensembles, not to medium-sized nation-states, and that Western Europe must unite to compete with the United States and Japan.

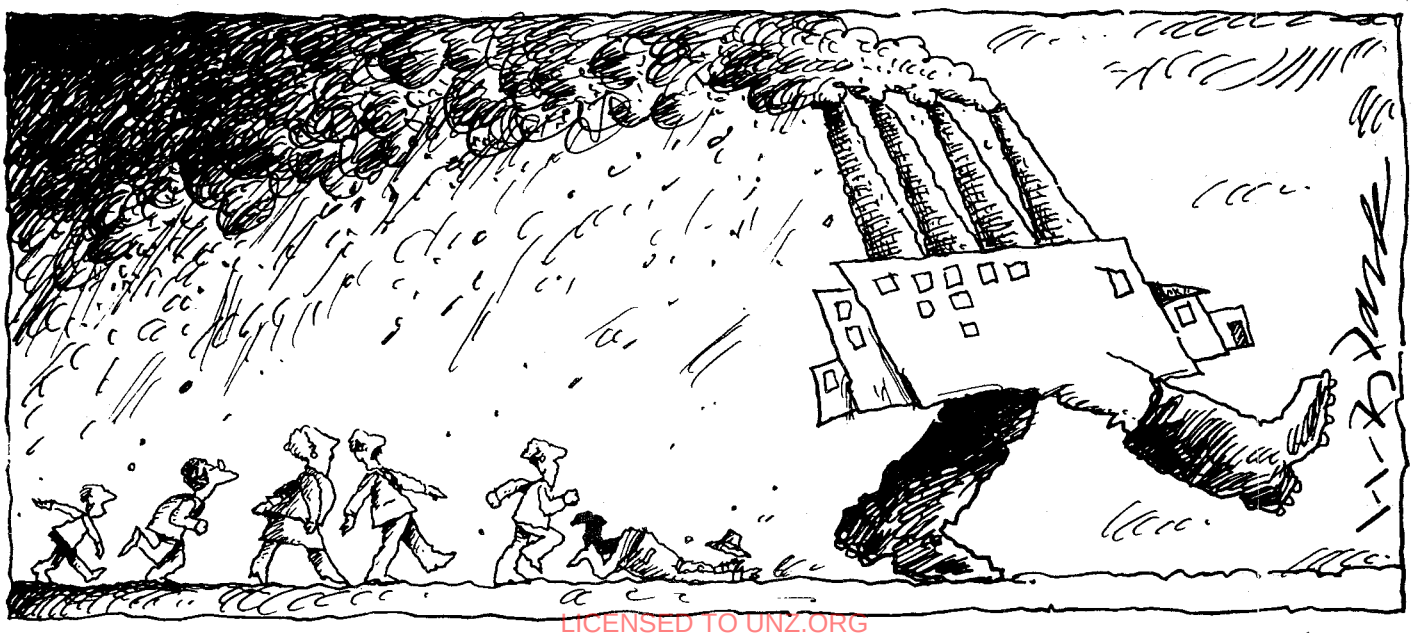
The paradox, and the reason the whole venture will be in doubt until the unification is fully completed, is that this dismantling of the nation-states will be, until the end, the work of those very states or, more precisely, of the governments and their big-business backers. The striking feature of the European construction is that it is being carried out entirely from above, with no real participation of the people. The European Parliament in Strasbourg, France, has scarcely more powers than had the Supreme Soviet prior to Gorbachev, and Europe's citizens barely bother to vote to send deputies to this talkfest. The only rank-and-file workers with a direct influence on the shaping of policy are peasants on their tractors protesting price policies. In Brussels the labor unions are merely a lobby—one that can hardly compete with the various employers' federations.

The fate in Maastricht of the so-called Social Charter is symptomatic. This attempt to harmonize labor legislation was not written into the amended Rome Treaty. Because of British objections, the remaining Eleven included it as an additional protocol and their spokespersons insisted that nothing would be done to scare potential investors. Jacques Delors, the President of the European Commission, summed it all up in his press conference: "What we wish to do is to have a minimum amount of legislation to show to the workers of the community that we are looking after them."

Sticking to the linguistic metaphor, it may be suggested that what is being built is a German-dominated Europe with a slightly American accent. In recent years Europe has seen a rush toward deregulation, a shift of emphasis from public to private. Only for a spell, when François Mitterrand was elected President in 1981, did French Socialists try to put full employment above financial orthodoxy. Their total surrender a couple of years later marked the triumph of German finance. Now, when a European government tries to invest in a public enterprise in order to restructure a sector of the economy, it is told off by Brussels in the name of "fair competition" and often prevented from acting.

The function of the central authority seems to be to insure the profitability of private enterprise. Admittedly, in terms of public health, education or unemployment benefits, Western Europe is still miles ahead of the United States, but it is moving backward. This is why it can be argued that even if it should gain its independence—undoubtedly a big if—the Western Europe that is now being built will remain "Americanized," that is to say it will fail to forge a different kind of society.

To which some would reply, But the West Europeans are happy with what they get, because of their growing prosperity. That assertion is no longer quite true. The third of a century that the E.E.C. has existed so far can be neatly divided into



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two parts. Between 1958 and the economic crisis of the mid-1970s Western Europe experienced an unprecedented growth in output and living standards. Since then the pace has slackened and the contrast between the two periods is much sharper in Europe than in the United States. Very roughly, in Western Europe the rate of growth was halved and that of unemployment trebled. Twenty years ago the very idea that joblessness might afflict 10 percent of the labor force in the E.E.C. would have been considered absurd and, if that absurdity were to happen, bound to provoke a revolution. If the West Europeans feel prosperous today it is only by comparison with their southern or eastern neighbors and, if they now accept what once seemed unacceptable, it is because they have been provisionally convinced that there is no alternative.

Indeed, the biggest transformation in the past fifteen years or so has been ideological. Keynes has been replaced as the guru of the establishment by Milton Friedman and Friedrich von Hayek. With the labor unions shrinking and suffering a series of defeats, the old rules of class collaboration have been discarded as the New Right and the employers have moved on the offensive. Privatization has been hailed as a universal cure and the sanctity of the market celebrated with the passion of born-again Mancunians. To crown it all, the collapse first of the Soviet empire and then of the Union allowed our prophets to proclaim the eternal reign of capitalism.

Those who rightly object that Reagan and Thatcher are gone and the line is altering fail to observe that the battleground itself has been shifted miles to the right. Consensus politics, that is to say the denial of class conflict, has now invaded the whole of Western Europe, and such transformations were bound to affect the E.E.C. The Rome Treaty, after all, was a product of the cold war. The idea was to build an economic area capable of standing up to the Soviet Union, of tying the Federal Republic to the West, but also of integrating countries in which capitalism was being questioned, like France and Italy. The founding fathers—Konrad Adenauer, Alcide de Gasperi and Robert Schuman—could be proud today of their achievement. The former Soviet empire is a Wild East fully opened to a capitalist invasion, Germany is *über alles*, France is fully converted and Italy is in the process of normalization.

What is being described here is not just "a retreat from Moscow." It is the political and ideological defeat of the whole Western left. The Communist parties, because of their Stalinist past, have totally lost their bearings and the bulk of their power. The Socialist parties have been completely integrated into the system. Judging by the performance of Mitterrand's Socialists or the policies of Neil Kinnock's Labor Party, they have no alternative project whatever to offer. The New Left has nearly vanished. But to reach rock bottom is not necessarily to start the rise back to the surface.

All that can be said is that the European left has little time and must get used to entirely new surroundings. The days when the medium-sized nation-state could serve at least as the first provisional platform of radical transformation are running out. By the beginning of the new millennium it will be as utopian to imagine a major social experiment limited, say, to France or to Britain as it is today to contemplate the building of socialism in Lancashire or Lombardy, in Vermont or Wisconsin alone.

The parties and labor unions in Europe thus have not only to reinvent their project but also to give it at once an international dimension, on the Western European scale to begin with. They must tell the people how they intend to build Europe *from below*, a Europe of citizens and producers, of citizen-producers. For this purpose it is not enough to evolve new forms of ownership and democracy at the workplace. It is necessary to reconcile the democracy in the district, the region and the nation with the self-organization of society on the European scale. This, incidentally, is in the long run the only effective way to deal with the tide of nationalism spreading from the East.

The recent relative success of the Greens is, naturally, a hint that in its productivist passion the left had a blind spot on the environment. But it is also a hopeful sign that people do not live by gadgets alone, that they may be inspired by projects of global change in life and society.

On the other hand, the rise in Europe of national fronts and leagues, of various jingoistic movements fed by fear and prejudices is a warning that, should the capitalist consensus collapse, in the absence at present of a progressive alternative, dark forces are waiting in the wings. It is a reminder that such forces of unreason are not the exclusive curse of Teheran or Algiers, that they now haunt Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. □

The Nation.

WASHINGTON INTERN

The Nation is looking for an intern for its Washington office for the winter term, from now until May 22. Please send a résumé, cover letter, two letters of reference and two writing samples to David Corn, *The Nation*, 110 Maryland Ave., N.E., Suite 308, Washington, DC 20002. For more information call (202) 546-2239.

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NG AROUND.

ELIZABETH POCHO

se has enjoyed describing the sins of Alex-
arlett, the sequel to *Gone With the Wind*
ie fastest-selling book in publishing history,
icia Storace, writing in **The New York Review of**
ecember 19), has done that and a great deal more
ng most of her attention to the much more disturb-
ig sins of Scarlett's first creator, Margaret Mitchell. Reviewing a recent hagiographic biography of the author of *Gone With the Wind*, Storace supplies encyclopedic detail about Mitchell's larky and deep-seated racism. Not the least interesting fact unearthed by Storace is this: Among those present at the whites-only ball following the premiere of the movie of *GWTW* in Atlanta were two other famous Atlantans: "Martin Luther King, Senior, was present since his own Ebenezer church choir, dressed in 'Mammy' costumes, serenaded the all-white audience. . . . Martin Luther King, Junior, ten years old, was sitting on the stage in pickaninny costume." Where Storace has obtained all her delightfully appalling information I have no idea, but most readers will feel that this is a piece she has waited a young lifetime to write.

The Eye That Blinked

With the exception of our ridiculous excursion into Grenada, the Gulf War is undeniably the worst-reported war in American history, and yet there is still no compendium of censored stories, no detailed description of the methods of censorship or its various rationales. **Newsday** ran a superb series last fall describing a conflict that resembled a turkey shoot more than a war, but there has been precious little word on what held up the information eventually made available to the paper. In the second installment of a two-part piece in **The New York Review of Books** (January 16 and 30), Theodore Draper points to a hopeful development: a report by John J. Fialka of **The Wall Street Journal** sponsored by the Media Studies Project of the Woodrow Wilson Center. Entitled *The Hotel Warriors*, the Fialka project describes the delays, denials and deformations of media coverage during the war and apportions the blame to the government *and* the press. *The Hotel Warriors* is available from the Media Studies Project, 370 L'Enfant Promenade S.W., Washington, DC 20024, and as Draper says, "should be required reading by every publisher, producer, editor, and journalist with any interest in war reporting or just honest reporting. Readers and television viewers would benefit from it, too."

In the February issue of **Spin**, well-known agent of social and political change, readers will find an interesting piece by Danny Schechter on television coverage of the war. Dressed up with the customary observation that TV news is primarily interested in ratifying itself as a news-gathering mechanism rather than in covering a story, the Schechter piece nevertheless makes one crucial connection: Just when reporters were going off to cover the war, network executives were spending extensive time and money lobbying the Reagan/Bush-dominated F.C.C. for a rule change that would allow networks to own and market their programming. It's a little short on hard evidence that a financial motive prevented vigorous c icism of the war and the censorship of coverage, but Sche ter's article is suggestive nevertheless.

Flack Attacks

At **Spy** satire takes a February holiday in "Publicists f the Damned," a report on the well-heeled lobbyists who bu nish the images of foreign fascists, tyrants and genocid maniacs. Replete with excellent quotes from the lobbyists (i particular the formerly liberal Frank Mankiewicz—campaig manager for Robert Kennedy and George McGovern—wh remarks of his work on behalf of the bloody-minded regimes of China, Turkey and Kuwait, "I don't see it as inconsistent with what I did before") as well as the lobbied ("The lobbyists think that just because you're in the room with the president of a country, you'll lie down and die"), Art Levine's article also quotes various swaybacked reporters who admit they have been reluctant to expose the corruptions of the governments these guys represent because the flacks are frequently invaluable sources of leaks and political gossip. See especially the well-designed chart of the major players (Hill and Knowlton; Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly; Tom Scanlon, etc.) and their clients, with the blood-on-the-hands ratings of each.

Scoop

Joshua Muravchik, who specializes in sniffing out what he regards as soft-money scandals on the left, thinks he's on to something. Writing in the January issue of **The American Spectator**, he exposes the fact that the MacArthur Foundation "genius" awards have been disproportionately kind to the editors of **Dissent**, four of whom (Irving Howe, Deborah Meier, Meyer Schapiro, Paul Berman) have been anointed with MacArthur cash and its consequent prestige. Betraying no knowledge of the work of these people, Muravchik has nevertheless taken the trouble to read up on the history of the foundation, which he retails at length in order to show how the best intentions of its chuckleheaded founder have been perverted by his liberal heirs. If you can get past Muravchik's whine (the award judges "appear to believe" that "an imperishable faith in socialism is a mark of genius"), the history he has put together is interesting reading.

Friendly Fire

In a set of articles on the education crisis, **The New Republic** (December 16) has assembled some miscellaneous observations and called it a report. Criticisms of the call for equalization of spending on education, of gifted programs, of choice (as if choice means simply allowing public money to follow students to private or parochial schools—and not the more sensible plan of letting students choose from among the public schools available), and the obligatory anecdotal essay on how frustrating it is to teach in New York City, are scandalously lax in recommendations, facts, etc. As always when education comes up in the liberal or conservative press, it gets the brushoff with a duty-twitching package like this one.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Cloud Over Zion

MICAH L. SIFRY

THE SAMSON OPTION: Israel's Nuclear Arsenal and American Foreign Policy. *By Seymour M. Hersh. Random House. 354 pp. $23.*

DANGEROUS LIAISON: The Inside Story of the U.S.-Israeli Covert Relationship. *By Andrew and Leslie Cockburn. HarperCollins. 416 pp. $25.*

For many years, Israel occupied a sacred place in the American psyche. Its leaders were mythic, its military exploits heroic acts of self-defense. Its political and social system was a shining example of democratic and humanist practice. The messier reality of Israel's domestic and foreign policies was not talked about. Israel was, in a way, above politics.

Now Israel is entering the realm of the profane. In part, this is because the gap between myth and reality has grown too wide. Yitzhak Shamir is no David Ben-Gurion (and Benjamin Netanyahu is certainly no Abba Eban). What we are seeing is also a generational shift. Younger Americans who were born after World War II cannot possibly feel the same guilt and moral commitment to Israel. Even among Jews this change is apparent. For example, in 1988 Jews under the age of 45 were twice as likely to vote for Jesse Jackson in the New York primary than were their elders. The fears and hopes of this generation are different.

But what is perhaps most important in this shift is the change at the strategic level. The Gulf War—the first major international conflict of the post-cold war era—was probably the major turning point. Now it is clearer than ever that Saudi Arabia is the primary axis of U.S. policy in the Middle East. As Scott Armstrong showed in a trenchant article in the November/December 1991 issue of *Mother Jones*, the protection of "our" oil-based way of life has involved the creation on the Arabian peninsula of "the most advanced warfare command system in the world, with conventional military capabilities beyond those available to defend Europe or even the continental United States." Paid for by the Saudis and their ministate neighbors at a cost of $200 billion, this superbase network had to be defended from Saddam Hussein, and it explains why the U.S. military had such an overwhelming advantage in the war. Its existence is at the center of a series of secret agreements, Armstrong reports, that "obligate the U.S. military to protect the Saudi royal family from all threats, internal as well as external." Is it any wonder that the U.S.-Israeli strategic relationship has begun to pale by comparison, that Israel was forced to stay out of the war and that the Arab-Israeli conflict is now being treated like another one of those annoying sources of regional instability (see Angola, Cambodia) that the United States is now finding more use in settling than prolonging?

There should be little surprise that the ideological glue that has held Israel on its pedestal is weakening.

In this context, there should be little surprise that the ideological glue that has held Israel up on its pedestal—its role in the cold war and the war on terrorism, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee's hold on Congress (and the Committee on the Present Danger's influence in the Reagan Administration), the power to intimidate critics with the charge of anti-Semitism, the invisibility of the Palestinians—is weakening. The cracks in the cement began slowly with the election of Menachem Begin in 1977 and his embrace of the religious-nationalist settlers' movement, but they deepened soon afterward.

Recall, if you will, the siege of Beirut and the Sabra and Shatila massacres in the summer of 1982; the arrest of naval intelligence analyst Jonathan Pollard as an Israeli spy in November 1985; Mordechai Vanunu's revelation of Israel's nuclear arsenal in October 1986; the Iran/*contra* scandal; the explosion of the *intifada* in December 1987 and Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin's announced policy of "force, might, and beatings" in response; the opening of U.S.-P.L.O. talks at the end of 1988; [illegible] proposals by Senat[illegible] others to trim aid to [illegible] cently, the September sh[illegible] Bush and AIPAC over Israe[illegible] $10 billion in loan guarantee[illegible] these events has diminished Isra[illegible] ing with the two audiences that a[illegible] endorsed the special relationship in th[illegible] past—the American public and the national security establishment.

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READING AROUND.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

Stomping Scarlett

While everyone else has enjoyed describing the sins of Alexandra Ripley's *Scarlett*, the sequel to *Gone With the Wind* and probably the fastest-selling book in publishing history, the poet Patricia Storace, writing in **The New York Review of Books** (December 19), has done that and a great deal more by turning most of her attention to the much more disturbing sins of Scarlett's first creator, Margaret Mitchell. Reviewing a recent hagiographic biography of the author of *Gone With the Wind*, Storace supplies encyclopedic detail about Mitchell's larky and deep-seated racism. Not the least interesting fact unearthed by Storace is this: Among those present at the whites-only ball following the premiere of the movie of *GWTW* in Atlanta were two other famous Atlantans: "Martin Luther King, Senior, was present since his own Ebenezer church choir, dressed in 'Mammy' costumes, serenaded the all-white audience. . . . Martin Luther King, Junior, ten years old, was sitting on the stage in pickaninny costume." Where Storace has obtained all her delightfully appalling information I have no idea, but most readers will feel that this is a piece she has waited a young lifetime to write.

The Eye That Blinked

With the exception of our ridiculous excursion into Grenada, the Gulf War is undeniably the worst-reported war in American history, and yet there is still no compendium of censored stories, no detailed description of the methods of censorship or its various rationales. **Newsday** ran a superb series last fall describing a conflict that resembled a turkey shoot more than a war, but there has been precious little word on what held up the information eventually made available to the paper. In the second installment of a two-part piece in **The New York Review of Books** (January 16 and 30), Theodore Draper points to a hopeful development: a report by John J. Fialka of **The Wall Street Journal** sponsored by the Media Studies Project of the Woodrow Wilson Center. Entitled *The Hotel Warriors*, the Fialka project describes the delays, denials and deformations of media coverage during the war and apportions the blame to the government *and* the press. *The Hotel Warriors* is available from the Media Studies Project, 370 L'Enfant Promenade S.W., Washington, DC 20024, and as Draper says, "should be required reading by every publisher, producer, editor, and journalist with any interest in war reporting or just honest reporting. Readers and television viewers would benefit from it, too."

In the February issue of **Spin**, well-known agent of social and political change, readers will find an interesting piece by Danny Schechter on television coverage of the war. Dressed up with the customary observation that TV news is primarily interested in ratifying itself as a news-gathering mechanism rather than in covering a story, the Schechter piece nevertheless makes one crucial connection: Just when reporters were going off to cover the war, network executives were spending extensive time and money lobbying the Reagan/Bush-dominated F.C.C. for a rule change that would allow networks to own and market their programming. It's a little short on hard evidence that a financial motive prevented vigorous criticism of the war and the censorship of coverage, but Schechter's article is suggestive nevertheless.

Flack Attacks

At **Spy** satire takes a February holiday in "Publicists for the Damned," a report on the well-heeled lobbyists who burnish the images of foreign fascists, tyrants and genocidal maniacs. Replete with excellent quotes from the lobbyists (in particular the formerly liberal Frank Mankiewicz—campaign manager for Robert Kennedy and George McGovern—who remarks of his work on behalf of the bloody-minded regimes of China, Turkey and Kuwait, "I don't see it as inconsistent with what I did before") as well as the lobbied ("The lobbyists think that just because you're in the room with the president of a country, you'll lie down and die"), Art Levine's article also quotes various swaybacked reporters who admit they have been reluctant to expose the corruptions of the governments these guys represent because the flacks are frequently invaluable sources of leaks and political gossip. See especially the well-designed chart of the major players (Hill and Knowlton; Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelly; Tom Scanlon, etc.) and their clients, with the blood-on-the-hands ratings of each.

Scoop

Joshua Muravchik, who specializes in sniffing out what he regards as soft-money scandals on the left, thinks he's on to something. Writing in the January issue of **The American Spectator**, he exposes the fact that the MacArthur Foundation "genius" awards have been disproportionately kind to the editors of **Dissent**, four of whom (Irving Howe, Deborah Meier, Meyer Schapiro, Paul Berman) have been anointed with MacArthur cash and its consequent prestige. Betraying no knowledge of the work of these people, Muravchik has nevertheless taken the trouble to read up on the history of the foundation, which he retails at length in order to show how the best intentions of its chuckleheaded founder have been perverted by his liberal heirs. If you can get past Muravchik's whine (the award judges "appear to believe" that "an imperishable faith in socialism is a mark of genius"), the history he has put together is interesting reading.

Friendly Fire

In a set of articles on the education crisis, **The New Republic** (December 16) has assembled some miscellaneous observations and called it a report. Criticisms of the call for equalization of spending on education, of gifted programs, of choice (as if choice means simply allowing public money to follow students to private or parochial schools—and not the more sensible plan of letting students choose from among the public schools available), and the obligatory anecdotal essay on how frustrating it is to teach in New York City, are scandalously lax in recommendations, facts, etc. As always when education comes up in the liberal or conservative press, it gets the brushoff with a duty-twitching package like this one.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Cloud Over Zion

MICAH L. SIFRY

THE SAMSON OPTION: Israel's Nuclear Arsenal and American Foreign Policy. *By Seymour M. Hersh. Random House. 354 pp. $23.*

DANGEROUS LIAISON: The Inside Story of the U.S.-Israeli Covert Relationship. *By Andrew and Leslie Cockburn. HarperCollins. 416 pp. $25.*

For many years, Israel occupied a sacred place in the American psyche. Its leaders were mythic, its military exploits heroic acts of self-defense. Its political and social system was a shining example of democratic and humanist practice. The messier reality of Israel's domestic and foreign policies was not talked about. Israel was, in a way, above politics.

Now Israel is entering the realm of the profane. In part, this is because the gap between myth and reality has grown too wide. Yitzhak Shamir is no David Ben-Gurion (and Benjamin Netanyahu is certainly no Abba Eban). What we are seeing is also a generational shift. Younger Americans who were born after World War II cannot possibly feel the same guilt and moral commitment to Israel. Even among Jews this change is apparent. For example, in 1988 Jews under the age of 45 were twice as likely to vote for Jesse Jackson in the New York primary than were their elders. The fears and hopes of this generation are different.

But what is perhaps most important in this shift is the change at the strategic level. The Gulf War—the first major international conflict of the post-cold war era—was probably the major turning point. Now it is clearer than ever that Saudi Arabia is the primary axis of U.S. policy in the Middle East. As Scott Armstrong showed in a trenchant article in the November/December 1991 issue of *Mother Jones*, the protection of "our" oil-based way of life has involved the creation on the Arabian peninsula of "the most advanced warfare command system in the world, with conventional military capabilities beyond those available to defend Europe or even the continental United States." Paid for by the Saudis and their ministate neighbors at a cost of $200 billion, this superbase network had to be defended from Saddam Hussein, and it explains why the U.S. military had such an overwhelming advantage in the war. Its existence is at the center of a series of secret agreements, Armstrong reports, that "obligate the U.S. military to protect the Saudi royal family from all threats, internal as well as external." Is it any wonder that the U.S.-Israeli strategic relationship has begun to pale by comparison, that Israel was forced to stay out of the war and that the Arab-Israeli conflict is now being treated like another one of those annoying sources of regional instability (see Angola, Cambodia) that the United States is now finding more use in settling than prolonging?

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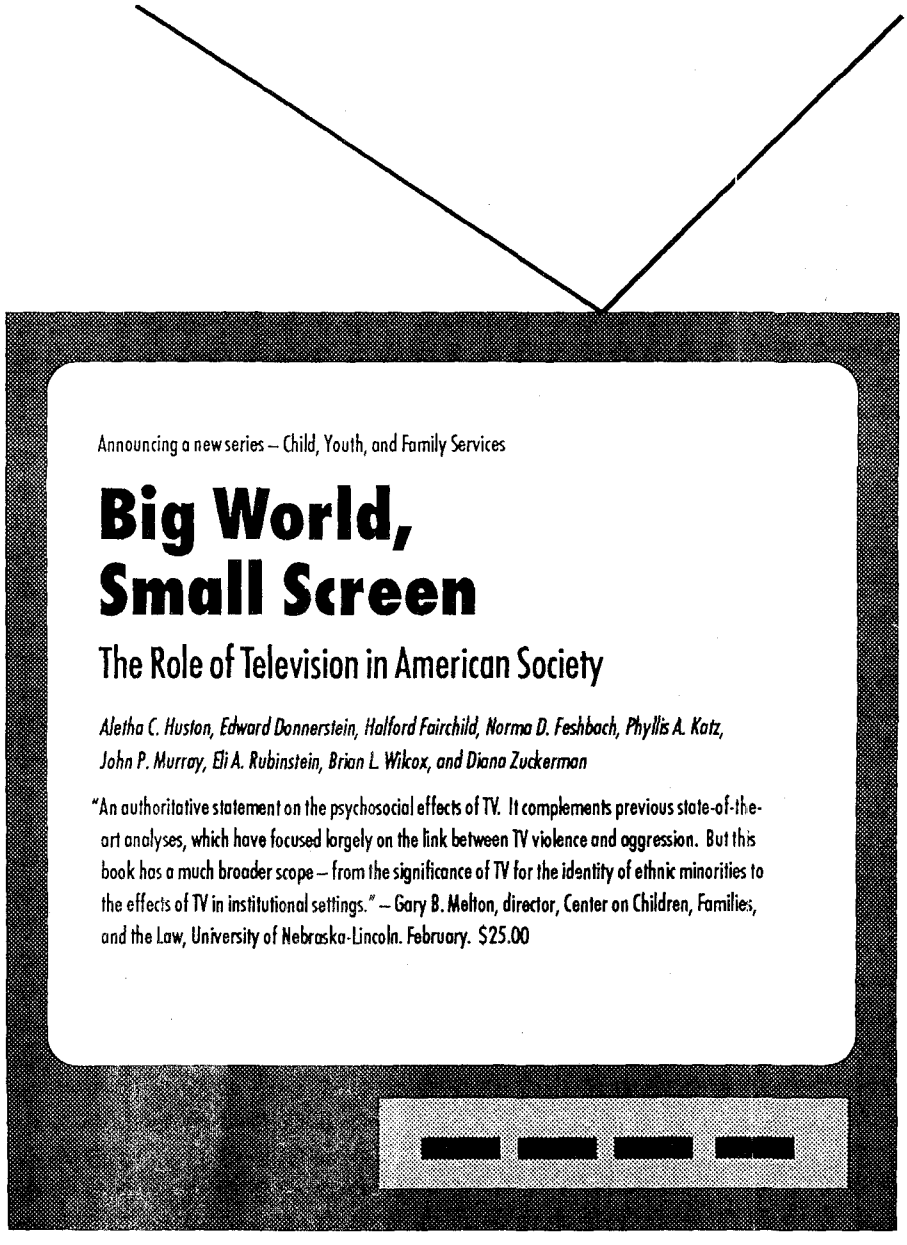
Dimona reactor—and its potential—became public, Washington's reaction went through two distinct phases: Under Kennedy and Johnson, Israeli assurances that the reactor was for peaceful purposes were publicly accepted, while in private both Presidents tried to link offers of conventional weapons to international inspections of Dimona. Those efforts consistently failed, largely because no one at the top really wanted to press the subject, and their bureaucratic underlings quickly learned not to rock the boat. Then, under Nixon, the United States effectively endorsed Israel's nuclear ambitions.

Hersh shows how an influential Jewish businessman named Abe Feinberg was able to shield Israel's efforts from scrutiny. Feinberg had helped save Truman's 1948 presidential campaign with a key infusion of cash, and he led a group that raised at least $500,000 for Kennedy in 1960. When Kennedy was pressuring Ben-Gurion to allow the International Atomic Energy Agency into Dimona to assure that it was not a bomb factory, Feinberg called on Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and his senior aide Paul Nitze to tell them that this would result in less support for Kennedy in 1964. "I met with them together and said, 'You've got to keep your nose out of it,' " Feinberg told Hersh. The Israelis eventually acceded to an annual inspection by an American team. But this was of little real value, since Israel was given advance warning of each visit.

Four years later, the Johnson Administration made a last stab at forcing Israel to comply with I.A.E.A. inspection. The Israelis had wanted to purchase advanced fighters from the United States. Paul Nitze told Hersh, "I said no, unless they come clean about Dimona. Then suddenly this fellow Feinberg comes into my office and says right out, 'You can't do that to us.' I said, 'I've already done it.' Feinberg said, 'I'll see to it that you get overruled.' I remember throwing him out of the office." Three days later, Nitze recalled, "I got a call from McNamara. He said he'd been instructed to tell me to change my mind and release the planes. And I did. . . . Feinberg had the power and brought it to bear." (And to think people talk about the role of money in politics *today*!) Feinberg, Hersh reports, was also one of a handful of wealthy Jews asked by Shimon Peres, the man entrusted by Ben-Gurion to oversee the Dimona project, to help raise money to defray the costs of the plant.

Hersh goes on to explain in compelling and chilling detail how Israel went on nuclear alert early in the October 1973 war with Egypt and Syria, a step that prompted Henry Kissinger to start the massive resupply of U.S. weapons and matériel to the embattled Israeli Defense Forces. They went on alert again on the second day of the Gulf War, ready to launch mobile missiles topped with nuclear warheads against Iraq [see Yaacov Tygiel, "Israel and the Bomb," February 18, 1991]. Hersh details the ongoing nuclear cooperation between Israel and South Africa, focusing on the mysterious double flash of light in the South Indian Ocean observed by a U.S. spy satellite on September 22, 1979, that former Israeli government officials now say was not the first but the third test of an Israeli nuclear device in the atmosphere. Perhaps his most important revelation is the news that Jonathan Pollard, the U.S. naval intelligence officer who pleaded guilty to charges of spying for Israel in 1986, was not only not a rogue (as claimed by the Israelis) but that his central mission was to provide Israel with detailed nuclear targeting data on the Soviet Union. Why? Israel's nuclear planners believed that "a credible Israeli bomb . . . would deter the Soviets



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from taking any steps in the Middle East that would jeopardize Israel's survival—such as agreeing to supply an Arab nation with a nuclear weapon," Hersh writes. That some Arab nation—Iraq, for example—would be provoked into trying to develop the bomb with Western help seems not to have entered into their calculations.

The Samson Option poses some very important questions for anyone concerned with nuclear proliferation, and it is a shame that the public discussion of its contents has revolved entirely around whether British publisher Robert Maxwell and a *Daily Mirror* foreign editor were Israeli assets who helped the Mossad capture and discredit Mordechai Vanunu, and whether former Israeli intelligence operative Ari Ben-Menashe is a credible source for these charges and others related to the October Surprise [see Alexander Cockburn, "Beat the Devil," Dec. 9, 1991]. As Hersh writes, "Can the world afford to pretend that Israel is not a nuclear power because to do otherwise would raise difficult issues? Can any international agreement to limit the spread of nuclear weapons be enforced if Israel's bombs are not fully accounted for? Can the Arab nations truly be expected to ignore Israel's possession of atomic weapons simply because the weapons are not publicized? Should Israel, because of its widespread and emotional support in America, be held to a different moral standard than Pakistan or North Korea or South Africa?" Those questions are well worth pondering.

So what explains the special treatment of Israel all these years? A partial answer is given by Hersh, who describes how many in the U.S. national security apparatus looked the other way when it came to Israel because they felt the Jews had a right to do whatever was necessary to survive after the Holocaust. But there is another critical element to the story: Israel's service in the cold war to the C.I.A. and the military-industrial complex. Here we should turn to Andrew and Leslie Cockburn, who explain:

> Once upon a time Israel needed powerful allies in an unfriendly Washington, and it found them at the CIA. The young country had pitifully few resources to trade, but it did have the loyalty of Jews behind the iron curtain who could be put to work on behalf of American intelligence. For the cold warriors at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, this was a precious asset.

Israel's value even went beyond covert efforts in places like Iran (where the Mossad helped train SAVAK, the secret police), Kurdistan, Ethiopia, Uganda (where it, the C.I.A. and British intelligence encouraged Idi Amin to take power), Zaire and Chad (where U.S. and Israeli instructors trained a group of anti-Qaddafi *contras*). The Cockburns show how Israel functioned, from the 1960s through the early 1980s, as a real strategic asset to the United States. One paradoxical effect of Eisenhower's forcing Israel, France and Britain out of the Suez and Sinai in 1956 was the boosting of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and his Pan-Arabist movement. As Nasser's star rose, he came to be seen as a threat not just by Israel but also by the United States, which worried that he might come to dominate the oil monarchs of the Persian Gulf. At the time, Nasser was close to the Soviet Union and the entire region was embroiled in the cold war. (A C.I.A.-assisted coup against a leftist regime in Iraq that temporarily brought Saddam Hussein's Baath Party to power in 1963 was viewed as a "definite plus by the CIA," the Cockburns report.) In this context, Israel's smashing victory against Nasser and his allies, the Syrians and Jordanians, in the 1967 Six-Day War was seen by Washington—bogged down in its own war against Communism in Southeast Asia—as a great blow against the Soviet Union.

An administration serious about peace must start talking about Israel's bomb.

Direct U.S. military aid to Israel mushroomed after 1967, and the Israelis paid the Americans back in kind by blocking the P.L.O. and Syria's efforts to topple Jordan's King Hussein in 1970, levering the Egyptians into the U.S. sphere of influence after 1973, bloodying the Syrians in Lebanon in 1982 and supplying the Iranians with arms in the 1980s. Israel's battlefield prowess, real and imagined, helped invigorate the fortunes of American military contractors, who found Israeli endorsements of their products useful in the procurement wars in Washington. This is illustrated in a telling footnote to the Lebanon war. As the Cockburns recount, at one point George Lavin, the representative in Israel of McDonnell Douglas, makers of the F-15, exclaimed, "Things are going great! We got six [Syrian MIGs] today and GD [General Dynamics, makers of the rival F-16] only got one!"

It was in Iran and Lebanon, however, that things began to go sour for the U.S.-Israeli strategic collaboration. According to Maj. Gen. Avraham Tamir, national security adviser to then-Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, the supply of U.S. weapons to Iran in 1981 was approved by Secretary of State Alexander Haig, the Cockburns report. (In a recent front-page story in *The New York Times* on this subject, Hersh also cites Tamir, without crediting the Cockburns.) Haig also gave Israel permission to invade Lebanon to strike at Syria and the P.L.O. "Haig said, 'We want a minor operation,'" Tamir told the Cockburns. "It's a big word, 'minor,'" Tamir added, smiling broadly. Two weeks after the invasion began, Haig was sacked by Reagan, and the coverage of Israel's shelling of Beirut and the subsequent massacres drastically altered public perceptions of the Jewish state. Next followed the deployment of U.S. Marines, the shelling of Lebanese villages by the battleship New Jersey, the bombing of the Marine barracks and then, fatefully, the taking of William Buckley, C.I.A. station chief in Beirut, as the first of many hostages. Soon, the contacts between American, Israeli and Iranian operatives that we now know as the Iran/*contra* scandal were under way.

Both of these books have strengths and weaknesses. The Cockburns are far better on Israel's early history, giving a textured explanation of how Ben-Gurion's militant approach to his Arab neighbors derailed any chance of peace negotiations in the 1950s and left the country with little choice but to rely on arms sales to feed the inevitable military-industrial complex; on covert efforts to keep the Arabs divided and off-balance; and on cold war adventurism. They also provide useful chapters on the activities of retired Israeli military advisers in Colombia and Panama that draw on their documentaries for PBS's *Frontline*. On the other hand, Hersh tells a more coherent story, so *The Samson Option* is a smoother read than *Dangerous Liaison*.

The one major point of conflict between these otherwise complementary books is how they evaluate the role of an obscure Pennsylvania company called the Nuclear Materials and Equipment Corporation (NUMEC) in Israel's nuclear weapons program. Over the years, at least 206 pounds of highly enriched uranium disappeared from the plant, which was

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run by an American Jew named Zalman Shapiro. The Cockburns show that the C.I.A., F.B.I. and several administrations have long suspected that the uranium was diverted to Israel, along with technical secrets, and that NUMEC itself was an Israeli operation. Though no such diversion has ever been proved, the Cockburns cite former C.I.A. officials and secret documents released under the Freedom of Information Act that point in that direction.

Hersh, by contrast, states unequivocally that Shapiro was hounded by these suspicions because of his Jewishness and little else. His sole work for Israel was an effort to protect the nation's water supply from contamination by terrorists. The missing uranium was lost during the normal operations of the NUMEC plant—into its concrete floor, stuck to ventilation ducts, flushed into the local waterways and air. (After reading in the December 19 *New York Times* that a team of government scientists has found that about 200,000 pounds of uranium dust was released into the air and water in just three years of operation of the Fernald, Ohio, nuclear weapons plant in the early 1960s, I find Hersh's argument highly believable.) To top it off, Hersh quotes Carl Duckett, a top technical analyst for the C.I.A. and one of the Cockburns' chief sources, as essentially recanting his assertions about Shapiro. Israel got the uranium ore it needed from France, South Africa and, with some subterfuge, Euratom, the Common Market nuclear agency.

Both books leave us facing uncharted territory: the future of the special relationship between Israel and America. With the end of the cold war and the defeat of Saddam Hussein, Israel has "no covert wars against Soviet proxies to fight, no Soviet-sponsored Arab leader to humble on behalf of the Americans," the Cockburns conclude. Worse, as an executive of Israel Military Industries was quoted by *Ha'aretz*, "The Israeli producers and exporters of weapons are very worried. . . . Most of the conflicts in the world are ending now and there are no signs of any new ones on the horizon. We are faced by the threat of peace." Indeed, even the threat of Arab-Israeli peace, imposed by Washington. Yet as Hersh points out, Israel's nuclear arsenal is still the great unknown factor in the Middle East equation. An administration serious about peace must start talking openly and honestly about Israel's bomb, and about how to rid the entire region of the threat of nuclear warfare. Otherwise this talk of peace will remain just talk. □

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Writer's Colony

DANIEL S. LEV

THIS EARTH OF MANKIND. *By Pramoedya Ananta Toer. Morrow. 367 pp. $20.*

Political conflict, social misery and cultural tension probably favor literary richness. Indonesia, well endowed on all three scores, has produced several generations of serious writers. None has been so consistent in his vocation, nor suffered more for it, than Pramoedya Ananta Toer. Although his work isn't yet well-enough known abroad, he is the country's most accomplished and compulsive writer—short stories, novels, nonfiction, translations—in a career that has lasted more than forty years.

Much of Pramoedya's strongest work has appeared after periods of imprisonment, in the early 1950s following two years in Dutch detention (1947-49) during the revolution; and in the 1980s, after fourteen years (1965-79), mainly on the prison island of Buru. When the Communist Party was obliterated in late 1965, Pramoedya was arrested as a member of an affiliated cultural organization. Along with thousands more, he was held without bother of indictment or trial. Once he was released, as arbitrarily as he was detained, Pramoedya and his government pursued complementary careers—the one writing, the other banning. He cannot leave the country, nor can his books be sold in Indonesia.

Bumi Manusia (*This Earth of Mankind*) is the first novel of a completed four-volume work. Pramoedya wrote the epic on Buru, first in his head, in 1973, when he related it to fellow prisoners, and then on paper, when he was allowed to have some, in 1975. But shortly after the new Hasta Mitra house began to publish the novels in 1980, the government's office of Public Prosecution banned them, in 1981. Subsequently they were reprinted and sold well in Malaysia, where Indonesian is read, and translations were begun into several languages. In English the first two volumes, *This Earth of Mankind* and *A Child of All Nations* (*Anak Semua Bangsa*), were rendered by the Australian Max Lane and published by Penguin Australia in 1982. In this country, Morrow has undertaken to introduce Pramoedya. In 1990 it brought out his first novel, *The Fugitive*, in a fine second translation by Willem Samuels, and now the first of the Buru novels in an improved but still inadequate version of the Australian edition. (Eventually someone, maybe Samuels, should have another go at managing Pramoedya's prose.)

For all that the persecution of Pramoedya deserves attention, it is no reason for praising his work, which stands well on its own merits. While reviewers of *The Fugitive* may have likened him to Solzhenitsyn, Camus, Mahfouz—and more oddly to Hemingway and Beckett—if anyone needs another touchstone, Gordimer is an obvious choice, given Pramoedya's penchant for acute political and social criticism. But the comparisons, mine too, are unhelpful, for Pramoedya's fiction is illuminated mainly in its own light.

Pramoedya has always been best at telescoping history into the personal trials and motives of those who live through it, contending with power, trying to make sense of it, accommodating change and generating it. Java, Indonesia's heartland, yields Pramoedya's most compelling fiction: the early stories from

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Prisoner Without a Cell

At 66, Pramoedya Ananta Toer is Indonesia's best-known writer and perhaps simply its best.

A wiry man whose speech is marked by a deliberate intensity spiked with shards of ironic humor, Pramoedya thinks and talks a great deal about freedom, almost certainly because of the lack of it in his own life. He was imprisoned first by the Dutch colonialists, then during Sukarno's tenure and finally under President Suharto. Since then he has been under city arrest, though he has never been officially charged in any court.

Prison has been Pramoedya's school and his workplace. In 1947, while a member of the revolutionary underground, he was thrown into jail by the Dutch. There, at the urging of an older prisoner, he started studying English. "We'd make money from the Dutch—early every morning, we had to go and sweep the streets of Tanjung Priok, the dock area. The money went to buying books. . . . I learned English by reading Steinbeck," he said, adding that Steinbeck is still one of his favorite writers. "The writing appears simple, but in fact every word is carefully chosen, each gives a visual image, so you can read his books as if they were films." In that Dutch prison, Pramoedya determined to make writing his career. "I told an older Indonesian friend and he warned, 'Writing will be the end of you!' But I already was an addict."

When the young "addict" completed *The Fugitive*, a novel about the ongoing Indonesian revolution, in 1949, a Dutch professor smuggled the manuscript out of prison. "I never chose to be a paid singer for the kings, whose only role was to please," Pramoedya said. "My dream was to be a member of the vanguard of Indonesian literature." His choice and his dream became a seamless whole: In 1950, after Indonesia won its independence, *The Fugitive* won the H.B. Yassin Award for best first novel of the year; ten years later Pramoedya published a history of the Chinese in Indonesia, a book that embarrassed President Sukarno and landed the writer in jail for ten months.

Though Pramoedya never officially joined Indonesia's powerful Communist Party, he was a leading spokesman for LEKRA, the party's cultural wing. Following Sukarno's call that "Politics is the Commander!" Pramoedya regularly published fiery attacks against writers whose work was not sufficiently revolutionary, writers he maintains were backed by the army. These attacks, according to some of his fellow writers, resulted in vicious blacklisting, a charge that Pramoedya vehemently denies: "LEKRA expressed its opinions—but we had no power to blacklist." Perhaps. But the last years of Sukarno's reign were turbulent, people greeted each other with raised fists and cries of *Merdeka!* ("Freedom!"). Sides were chosen, and those who chose not to side with LEKRA often lost their jobs.

To this day, some Indonesian intellectuals bear a grudge against Pramoedya. And to this day, it is clear that he sees literature as a means for disseminating polit-

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Blora and the revolution, and the Buru novels. Indeed, in his one questionable effort, a brittle short novel called *Korupsi* (*Corruption*), published in the mid-1950s, the predictable action takes place away from the solid people's earth of Java.

In the Buru tetralogy, which spins outward from East Java, Pramoedya traces Indonesian nationalism as it takes form in the oppressive, culturally devastated environment of the Netherlands-Indies. *This Earth of Mankind* is set during the late 1890s in the provincial capital, Surabaya, then as now a polyglot, energetic commercial center. Its principal characters live on the panicky margins of colonial society, where guarded racial boundaries are occasionally crossed and challenged. Two figures dominate. One, Minke, is based on the journalist Tirto Adhi Soerjo (1880-1918), revived from obscurity by Pramoedya in a documentary biography, *Sang Pemula* (*The Originator*), published in 1985. Like Tirto, he is the son of an aristocratic *Bupati*, head of an administrative district and a key instrument of colonial control and extraction. Young Minke is one of the first highborn Javanese allowed into the superb Dutch-language high school in Surabaya. Glorying in his rare education, he has no intention of succeeding his father, but dreams, outlandishly for a native, of a career as a writer and journalist.

Away from school, Minke falls in love with Annelies, the Indo-European daughter of Nyai Ontosoroh, who invites him into her extraordinary household. Nyai Ontosoroh, born the village girl Sanikem, is a startling figure both as Javanese and as woman. She makes the novel. Sold by her ambitious father to the Dutchman Herman Mellama as his concubine, a *nyai*, she absorbs the knowledge he provides and is transformed. When he is turned half mad by a confrontation with his legitimate son from Holland, she takes over their dairy farm. On Herman's death by poison in a local whorehouse, his son sues for and wins not only the property that Nyai Ontosoroh has devel-

ical thought: "Literature in Indonesia and other Third World countries is imbued with a sense of nationalism," he says. "Americans don't have to do that. But in a new nation, there is a struggle for leadership in all fields, including literature."

In 1965, the struggle for leadership in Indonesia exploded into a nightmare of purges and slaughter. In what has been called one of modern history's bloodiest massacres, as many as 1 million people were killed and the army picked up hundreds of thousands suspected of having Communist sympathies—including Pramoedya. Without the benefit of trial, he was shipped off to Buru, a remote penal island that eventually imprisoned 12,000.

"Life was very hard," Pramoedya says. "We had to build our own houses and maintain our own fields. Writing was impossible, because there was no money to buy paper. So in the evening, I would tell the story to friends, and then whoever heard the part of the story would tell others at roll call the next morning, so that during the day, in the jungle, the stories could be told to men in the other units."

At one point, he remembered, morale was at an all-time low: "Eleven members of one unit had been tortured and killed by the military. And so I created a female character—Nyai, a poor, uneducated woman, who educated herself and rose to challenge the authorities. And I feel that her character did give prisoners a new sense of their own self-worth."

In November 1973, when word was sent from the President's office that the prisoners of Buru could "retool their skills," Pramoedya managed to buy some paper and devote his time to writing, swapping carbon copies of his chapters for food and cigarettes. Although his manuscript was confiscated when he was let out of prison in 1979, other prisoners managed to keep their carbon copies, from which a year later *This Earth of Mankind* was published. Over 10,000 copies were sold in three weeks, an unheard-of success in Indonesia. Two months later, *A Child of All Nations* was published. Both were quickly banned.

"The official reason was that the books were disseminating Marxist-Leninist thought," Pramoedya explained. "But I've never studied Marxism, Stalinism, Communism or any other 'ism.' " Not only was his publisher ordered to cease publication of all his books but magazine editors were warned not to run his stories or even mention him.

Pramoedya remains the Suharto regime's *bête noire*: In 1988 and 1989, three young Indonesians were arrested for distributing copies of *The Glass House*, the last book in the Buru tetralogy. (Other books that were seized included *The Cherry Orchard* and *Anna Karenina*.) After months in prison they were tried for subversion and found guilty; their appeals were denied. The stiff sentences, ranging from seven to eight and a half years, were clearly warnings to other students to stay away from dissident politics. Pramoedya is discouraged by such trials: "This is justice? What's the meaning of the revolution? I can't imagine even the Dutch authorities ever doing that."

Even the most innocent connection with the writer is suspect: An Indonesian illustrator profiled by a Japanese magazine that ran the piece opposite a profile of Pramoedya was called in and questioned by the authorities for an entire afternoon.

And so, only a few old friends drop by Pramoedya's home in east Jakarta, as well as a few students seeking guidance. "I tell them that the older generation's work is basically finished; we are a failed generation," said the writer. "It is up to them to solve the problems afflicting this nation. It can be done—look at Eastern Europe—but it's going to take a change in cultural attitudes." Most of the visitors are foreigners; an ink drawing of a cock fight, dedicated to Pramoedya by Günter Grass, hangs in the sitting room. Three of Pramoedya's children and two grandchildren live with him and his wife, but a feeling of isolation hangs over the man; by his own admission, he has not been able to sit down and write for several years now, and his study is thick with dust. He must report to the military commander every month; to travel to other parts of Indonesia he must first obtain a pass. He has never asked, fearing for his own safety. He has even given up jogging in his neighborhood—"I do not feel safe"—and instead paces the front rooms of his house, watching the progress on the construction of a second story, financed by sales of his books abroad. And yet, he does not consider leaving Indonesia.

"Of course, I've been invited, but I don't know if I could go, and most likely I couldn't come back," he said quietly. "I never think of leaving: My roots are here in Indonesia, with all the consequences of that."

SUZANNE CHARLÉ

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oped but control over his half-sister, Annelies, whom Minke has by then married. Wrenched from her family, Annelies is sent to Holland. There, in the quartet's next volume, she dies.

Despite the plot's potential, surprisingly little of the narrative crosses the line into melodrama; there is no need to exaggerate colonial reality, which Pramoedya animates as few historians can. One essential theme in the novel circles the insidious hierarchical order of the Dutch, mixed Indo-Europeans and Indonesians. If this were all, it would be enough for an engrossing but not particularly enlightening book. It isn't all, however, because Pramoedya refuses to avoid the miserably painful problem of Java's collusion in its own subjugation. It is this theme, I think, that obsesses Pramoedya more than any other, and how he deals with it may account, at least in some small part, for why his books are banned.

The "native," Javanese, condition is examined and found wanting by everyone in this novel who is committed to change: the Dutch assistant resident de la Croix and Minke's passionately liberal teacher Magda Peters, both of whom suffer for their sympathies; Nyai Ontosoroh; Minke's newspaper friends; and Minke himself, as he thinks his way through the mire of colonial racism and injustice. In a dozen voices Pramoedya has at Java's cowardly elite, greedy for status and power, and at its lack of progressive curiosity and its outmoded, ineffectual, untenable culture. The way out, all agree, is Minke himself, as the prototype of an educated, thinking, courageous new Javanese. Embryonic progressive nationalist that he is, Minke's version of a future Java (or Indonesia) springs from Nyai Ontosoroh, who rejects ancient Java as she does the parents who made her a *nyai*. Her revenge on both is independence, integrity, ability, self-confidence and the wealth she herself produced and managed, all of which belie her despised station. She has opinions, the amazed Magda Peters observes, and speaks them in Javanese, Malay and Dutch. Self-respecting, she has no need for servants and workers who bow and cringe. Nyai Ontosoroh fuses Javanese sensibility and modern European learning into unconquerable dignity. Dutch colonialism is hateful, her character implies, yet is there a choice but to make Dutch advantages and virtues our own?

Maybe not, but relinquishing old Java is neither easy nor joyous. Not for Minke, and probably not for his creator. Repudiating his authority-fixated father—few fathers in the novel fare well; mothers do better—Minke questions the whole of Javanese wisdom, but he is also ambivalent. If old Java deserves to disappear, still, as Pramoedya allows Minke's mother to speak its ethos and intimate wisdom and customs, the words are loving and moving.

Why is Pramoedya's work forbidden at home? (In 1989 three young men were sentenced to prison for selling the Buru novels in Yogyakarta.) In large part, for reasons both political and vindictive, Pramoedya himself is at issue: The government claims he is a Marxist, also forbidden, while admitting that the evidence for it in his novels is too subtle to find. Banning his works, like other acts of suppression, warns dissidents and reminds the public that it should be grateful to the army for having eliminated Communism and remained vigilant. Also, Pramoedya does not have much support; many intellectuals, still put off by the stands he took during the early 1960s, see no reason to make a case for him. In 1988, when PEN gave him an award, one prominent Indonesian journalist openly resented it.

Yet another reason may lie in the work itself, if anyone in the banning apparatus has bothered to read it. In Pramoedya's novels there may be little Marxism—or no more than is usual in his generation of nationalist thinkers—but there is a powerful indictment, that too many oppressions of the colony have not disappeared in the independent state. He makes it hard to ignore the change that has not yet happened. □

Past Present

GWYNETH CRAVENS

After a long bout of chemotherapy, a friend of mine read Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. What struck him was that although Crusoe had suffered a shipwreck and been cast ashore upon an unknown island, he discovered that he had everything there that he required for survival; all he needed to do was to live simply and to make intelligent use of what he had been given. Crusoe's gratitude spilled over into the life of my friend and changed it.

I began to think of other pieces of literature—didactic, perhaps, but not annoyingly so—that shed a beneficial light upon the reader. The first one that came to mind begins:

> It is a hot day in June when the sun hangs still in the sky and there is not a whiff of wind or air, nor a trace of clouds; the front and back yards are hot like an oven and not a single bird dares to fly about. Perspiration flows down my whole body in little rivulets. There is the noon-day meal before me, but I cannot take it for the sheer heat. I ask for a mat to spread on the ground and lie down, but the mat is wet with moisture and flies swarm about to rest on my nose and refuse to be driven away. Just at this moment when I am completely helpless, suddenly there is a rumbling of thunder and big sheets of black clouds overcast the sky and come majestically on like a great army advancing to battle. Rain water begins to pour down from the eaves like a cataract. The perspiration stops. The clamminess of the ground is gone. All flies disappear to hide themselves and I can eat my rice. Ah, is this not happiness?

The writer continues:

> To cut with a sharp knife a bright green watermelon on a big scarlet plate of a summer afternoon. Ah, is this not happiness?
>
> To keep three or four spots of eczema in a private part of my body and now and then to scald or bathe it with hot water behind closed doors. Ah, is this not happiness?
>
> When a good piece of old porcelain is broken, you know there is no hope of repairing it. The more you turn it about and look at it, the more you are exasperated. I then hand it to the cook, asking him to use it as any old vessel, and give orders that he shall never let that broken porcelain bowl come within my sight again. Ah, is this not happiness?
>
> To see someone's kite line broken. Ah, is this not happiness?

These are the observations of Chin Sheng-t'an, a seventeenth-century Chinese critic best known for his commentaries on the play *Western Chamber*. Once shut up in a temple for ten days because of rainy weather, he and a friend entertained themselves by counting up the genuinely best times they had experienced. Later Chin wrote his down as "Thirty-Three Happy Moments." Lin

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Yutang, a scholar who achieved eminence both in China and the United States, translated the list and published it in 1937 in *The Importance of Living*, Lin's own testimony of his thought and life. The book, once kept in print for decades by Capricorn and now unavailable except in secondhand bookstores, is a compendium of his favorite writings and quotations as well as his personal philosophy. Thus we get essays like "The Importance of Loafing," "The Inhumanity of Western Dress," "On Sitting in Chairs" and "Human Happiness Is Sensuous," this last containing Chin's happy moments. Lin's happiness is, he says, biological: getting up after a night of perfect sleep and sniffing the morning air and inhaling deeply, looking at the plump legs of his children and hearing their chatter. He describes his joy at going out without an umbrella when he sees a July shower approaching. "I hastily set out to meet the shower halfway across the fields and come home drenched through and through and tell my family that I was simply caught by the rain." To prove his point, he asks, "Does anybody ever love a woman spiritually without loving her physically?" and insists that the world of spirit, with its delicate emotions, makes itself known to us through the senses.

Attention to physical reality characterizes the viewpoint of another salubrious writer. "Impatience and ill humor sometimes result from the fact that a man has been on his feet too long," he writes. "Do not try to reason him out of his ill humor; offer him a chair." And: "As a matter of fact, specific reasons for happiness or unhappiness do not really count; everything depends on our body and its functions." And: "Pessimism comes from our passions; optimism from the will."

These *aperçus* are by a contemporary of Lin Yutang's, a French professor of philosophy named Émile Chartier who wrote under the name of Alain. His specialty was the short journalistic essay, or *propos*, and he composed thousands of them, keeping them light, spontaneous, shapely and to the point. In 1928, ninety-three *propos* were published under the title *Propos sur le bonheur*, which has now been translated by Robert and Jane Cottrell as *Alain on Happiness* (Northwestern University Press). Like Lin, Alain delights in the everyday, constantly finding something fresh and wise to say in pieces with titles like "The Art of Yawning," "The Power of Forgetting," "A Hymn to Milk" and "Insults." In "The Art of Being Happy," he writes:

> I should also include some practical advice about making good use of bad weather. At the moment I am writing this, it is raining; there is a patter on the roof; hundreds of little rills are chattering; the air is clean, almost filtered; the storm clouds are like strips of magnificent cloth. One must learn to seize such beauties. "But," someone says, "rain ruins the harvest." Another complains: "Mud makes everything dirty." And still a third: "It's so nice to be able to sit on the grass." Of course, everyone feels the same way; but your complaining does no good. . . . Especially in rainy weather one wants to see smiling faces.

Did Lin Yutang and Alain ever meet, or ever read each other? Certainly, they're spiritual twins: relaxed, practical, earthy, good-humored, kind, unobtrusive, able to find the profound in the seemingly superficial and to express it with elegance and without pretension. Each considered the ability to give pleasure to others important, and each managed, despite the chaos of war and revolution, to will into existence apparently happy lives for themselves. "My suspicion is, the reason why we shut our eyes willfully to this gorgeous world, vibrating with its own sensuality, is that the spiritualists have made us plain scared of [the senses]," Lin writes. Alain tells of a soldier he met while stationed at the front in World War I who said, "We're not afraid any more; we're just permanently terrified," and who later was delighted to discover that he was sick and might have to go to the hospital. "But I could see very well that his joy was curing him," Alain writes. "During those horrible days, one ends up thinking that it would be very pleasant to die from an illness. Such thoughts are most effective in preventing all illnesses. Joy disposes the body to health better than the most skillful doctor could. There is no longer any fear of being ill, which always worsens health. . . . It is always good to understand these things, as it is good to understand that it is stiffness, resulting from fear, which makes the horseman fall. There is a kind of insouciance that is a great and powerful ruse."

In their insouciance, Lin Yutang and Alain are like the man in the ancient tale who escaped from a shipwreck naked and said when he came ashore, "I bear with me my entire fortune." Neither believes in searching outside oneself for happiness, or searching at all. Lin asks us to open our eyes and ears, and Alain counsels, "When [happiness] seems to be in

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the future, stop and think about it, for you already have it. To hope is to be happy." □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Pop's Familiar Strains

The simple guitar hook that threads through Michael Jackson's new single "Black or White" (Epic) owes its life to Keith Richards, twenty or thirty years ago. So does the tune's catchy combination of acoustic and electric guitars. Its swaggering bass line and percussion breakdown are right out of Stevie Wonder. The rap is a nod to that format's growing dominance of early- and preteen taste. The patented squeals and muddled, treacly sentiments are Jackson's. I really don't like the song except "in a shallow sort of way," as a clever friend of mine, the head of A&R [Artists and Repertoire] for a major label, said of his own attachment to it. And I absolutely hate the video, except for a technical admiration for the seamless editing so many millions can buy. But I've been bopping to "Black or White" every day now for the last few weeks. So what's my problem?

Like a lot of people I know, I'm a prisoner of pop.

Hit songs are an idiosyncratic blend of the familiar (if not the utterly banal) and the new. The relative weight of those ingredients changes from one pop hit to the next. In fact, it's a pious axiom of the recording industry that no one can predict what will rocket up the charts. If we could, argue execs who roll their eyes heavenward as if in search of inspiration, don't you think we'd be churning it out every week? On the other hand, that's just what whole segments of the biz are going hard at all the time. That such a tiny percentage of the results succeeds isn't for lack of throwing "product" at the wall to see what sticks.

One of the main things about pop that drives many jazz and classical performers and fans crazy is what they see as its narrow predictability. Of course, they manage to overlook or justify the predictability of forms they admire. Predictability, after all, is another name for syntax. In strictly formal terms, there's not necessarily a higher value attached to bop's head/string-of-solos/head format, or the four movements and variations of a string quartet, or the three-chord and four-chord songs that make up the bulk of rock and pop. They're just different ways to tell a story. In terms of pop singles, the vocabulary is usually meant to be no more difficult or demanding than it has to be, although it can be—think of, say, "Good Vibrations" or "Stand"—as long as it's also got the always-sought-after hook that lures an audience into repeated self-hypnotized listenings. Disgruntled vanguard artists grousing about how little public attention they can attract often contrast their work to Top-40 pop, dismissing the latter with a wave and a wink and a sniping attack that runs like this: "If you play anything over and over and over again on the radio, people will learn to like it, or at least to want it, because they can't get away from it." But this overstates the case for the world as conspiracy. All you have to do is talk to a few of the people at record labels responsible for dealing with radio play and you'll discover real fast that, like many conspiracy theories, the one that grumbles about record label hegemony confuses a statistical picture of reality—the major labels control more than 90 percent of the U.S. retail market, thanks largely to their distribution systems—with reality's human faces, who backbite, compete, make accommodations and generally introduce that delightful species-specific slippage called human error into any system. Think, too, of how children love repetition—as any parent who's had to sit through Berenstain Bears books or *Sleeping Beauty* videotapes 83 skizillion times can testify. Freud knew that kids just display more obviously the lineaments that will shape them as adults. Why else have people traditionally thronged around bards in the town squares to hear the same stories time and again? So it's not exactly news that kids of all ages will wear out hit singles, or leave their radios set to the station with their favorite playlist. Familiarity doesn't necessarily breed contempt.

Besides, originality in the sense we tend to think of it wasn't a highly prized concept until the nineteenth century. Ringing familiar changes was one of the storyteller's primary functions. Chaucer and Boccaccio shared plots with romances, as did Shakespeare, and nobody screamed plagiarism. Every sonneteer parroted Petrarchan metaphors. Epic poets from Dante to Tasso invoked the language and settings and characterizations of Homer (what they knew of him), Lucretius and Virgil. Rabelais, and later Swift, lifted whole sections of Lucian. Only with the arrival of Romantic notions about the relation of the self to history and the world could Schiller, in his *Naive and Sentimental Poetry*, attempt to distinguish between different levels of originality in relation to the poet's materials. But pop music? It's pretty funny to follow court cases that try to apply weighty precedents to the question of whether songwriter B lifted an age-old four-chord sequence from songwriter A. (Cases regarding hip-hop samples of other people's records are quite another matter, since pop is mainly about the creation of a *sound* specific to a particular artist, and that's exactly what samples lift. Rap's relationship to its materials could be discussed formally by Schiller, who after all knew something about irony.)

Which brings us back to Michael Jackson. After nine months of locking out two studios and an alleged $10 million in costs, Jackson's *Dangerous* (Epic) tries to be, with apologies to Captain Beefheart, safe as milk. It's less a coherent album than a collection of pop music *topoi* dictated by demographics. The industry would have liked a megahit, like the fabled *Thriller* (Epic), that would bring together its increasingly fragmented audiences (like television, the music landscape over the past few years has been fracturing along increasingly narrow demographic lines demanded by advertisers) and lure buyers into stores despite the recession. So *Dangerous* has its dance-floor track, its gospel-choir cut, its rock tune and its R&B ballad, all reproduced with little infusion of what you might call Jackson's voice. (As a writer and arranger, he's always had a lot of help on his best efforts.) Instead it offers—and the degree of cynicism versus simple lack of inspiration in this is open to debate—stock approaches to established forms with the odd touch here and there. *Dangerous*, in other words, tries to serve up something for everyone, one cut at a time. It is extraordinarily guarded and self-conscious; there are few moments of discovery, the kind that can come from taking a chance and making a leap of faith. At this point, that's not really much of a surprise. What kind of a void would Jackson, who's taken such (literal) pains to reconstruct himself physically and mentally, be likely to leap into? Such a hyperartificer isn't likely to leave much to chance.

And yet I've been trying to wear out my CD of "Black or White." Something

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not quite formulaic, not quite explainable has me hooked.

In his epic poem *De Rerum Natura*, Julius Caesar's contemporary Lucretius tried to demystify unquestioned beliefs in a way that Coleridge, via Kant, would attempt twenty centuries later. Lucretius described the materialist universe of his philosophical master Epicurus as an orderly place where atoms fall in regular, predictable patterns. This is surely a place that record companies, like any corporate entity worth its balance sheet, would like to live in. But like all genetic myths, whether *Genesis* or Darwinian evolution, this description of the world relies on chance as an explanation for the human capacity to rearrange things within an otherwise rigid regime of cause and effect. For Lucretius, change—and by extension, originality—comes when an atom turns the "wrong" way. Chance creates, or at least allows, a touch of genius that the artist can recognize. Which is one reason why neither hit singles nor scientific breakthroughs come from C.P.A.s.

The genius of "Black or White," then, has little to do with originality in any post-Romantic sense. Instead, as a classic hit single it balances the already familiar (Keith Richards guitar and Stevie Wonder bass lines) with a pleasingly disorienting touch of strangeness (a couple of other ingredients, like rap). It may sound like pastiche when you talk about it, but if you listen to it repeatedly—which, *pace* complaining vanguardists, is one absolutely necessary function of a hit single—it reaches into those pockets of your psyche that want to remember; deflects your sense of prior recognition into a sense of immediacy; integrates the whole into more than the sum of its parts; and in the process makes your feet move.

The same goes for much of *Girlfriend* (Zoo), Matthew Sweet's third album, which is currently rocketing up college-radio charts and beginning to break out to a wider audience. The first time I heard it, months ago when it had just been mastered, I was appalled. Sweet, it seemed to me, was simply regurgitating whole chunks of twenty-year-old songs—not at all uncommon in this age of ever-quicker cycles of recycling. Entire verses that he puts his name to come out of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, even the Jefferson Airplane and the Doors. Some of those lyrics had already been tired back then, and by now seemed at best campy, at worst geriatric. The cloying harmonies were definitely owed to post-*Revolver*-era Beatles. And so on: My list of complaints

SAVIOUR OF ASSASSINS

Too soon, three days, six hours, ten minutes after the surrender
of "the resistance forces"
and quick takeover of Grenada's seat of government by the invaders,
arrives in new Port Salinas Airport—
lauded with much bubbly advance fanfare and pomp—
sleek private jet of famed British lawyer Gifford, defender
Czar of outlaws and extremists
on the political left *or* right. His gunmetal silver
fuselage shell

sports his laurels, commendatory tall initials burnished—
in gold script—after his name:
Q.C., barrister of the elite Queen's Councilors. G's top heavy
record of trial wins vastly exceeds
defeats, whose prize stats are touted in the media
like a champion boxer's unbroken string of first round K.O.'s.
Within five minutes of Grenada
jet touchdown, he vows to win freedom and five figure
pound sterling

damages for Bishop's slayer—jailed Coard, and his band of thugs;
though local streetsmarts chatter
and scuttlebutt cite tall lottery odds that both Coard and cronies
soon must *hie to the gallows*. At pre-trial
open forum, grandstand erected slapdash on streetside
docks at waterfront: dead center of The Carenage, Gifford's
thrown for a loop by that surprise
key witness for the prosecution, one gallant frail
Leslie Pierre,

just-freed political prisoner of some four years "detention,"
nabbed for editing solo issue
of *The Voice*, amid earliest months of Bishop's reign in office.
Gifford, sidestepping L. Pierre's evident
public appeal, slops out rumsopped loose-tongued case
against the U.S. spearheaded six nation "plunder" of Grenada's
"true People's Republic": his key line
of defense America's gauche political blunder. Free
speech, free press,

blorts Sir Gifford, flourished in this Spice Isle Democracy
before the vanguard of overpaid
mercenaries launched their invasion "assault," barrister's toothy
bombast soon eclipsed by Pierre's
plainspoken reply. Thrown into jail without a trial
nor least semblance of public hearing, the fledgling editor
joined some five hundred co-inmates:
the highest Global ratio of political hostages, ever,
per hundred thousand

citizens, far outstripping Chile's or Argentina's grim record
of non-criminal arrests, data
charted by Amnesty International . . . Our legal High Priest, Gifford
the venerable, is coldly silenced
by the great wave of applause for Leslie Pierre
that surges through The Carenage. No let-up. Soon an equal wave
of hecklers jeers a tottery punch-
drunk Councilor down from grandstand, to sleep off his Royal
Gaffe in Jet's bunk.

Laurence Lieberman

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grew. By the time I finished listening to the cassette I tossed it in a corner and figured I'd never hear it again.

Then when the CD arrived, I put it on to give it another chance. For the last few weeks it's been in my player at least once a day. What happened?

As a prisoner of pop, I need a new record to believe in on a regular basis. (Yeah, it's like a fix. Exactly like a fix. But look at what I do for a living.) Somehow, that recording always seems to come along just in time. Am I a Pavlovian idiot? Have I been mindlessly conditioned by entertainment conglomerates? Or am I just indulging my human fancy for what I already know, with a twist?

Familiarity via constant replaying has bred a rabid affection for more than half of *Girlfriend*—which, for a pop album, is a runaway success, at least by my standards. (How many of *your* albums do *you* like every single track of? After all, pop music albums are, probably more often than not, the drapery around hit singles. Witness *Dangerous*.) The lunatic guitars, courtesy Robert Quine (Lou Reed, Richard Hell and the Voidoids) and Richard Lloyd (Television), thrash and burn with deliciously vicious postpunk edges. Their snarling ripostes either create ironic tensions with or underscore the ironic aspects (many completely unintentional, I'm sure) of Sweet's frequently saccharine lyrics.

That's the logical explanation—why *The Nation* pays me to write about music. And it's even true, as far as it goes. But in the end, I know that a big part of the reason I like "Black or White" and most of *Girlfriend* is precisely *because* I play them so much. When I finish wearing out their welcomes, I'll probably never have to put them on again. If that seems like circular logic to you, it probably just means you've never been taken prisoner. My sympathies. □

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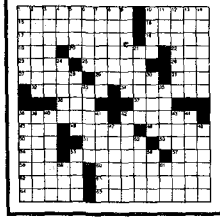

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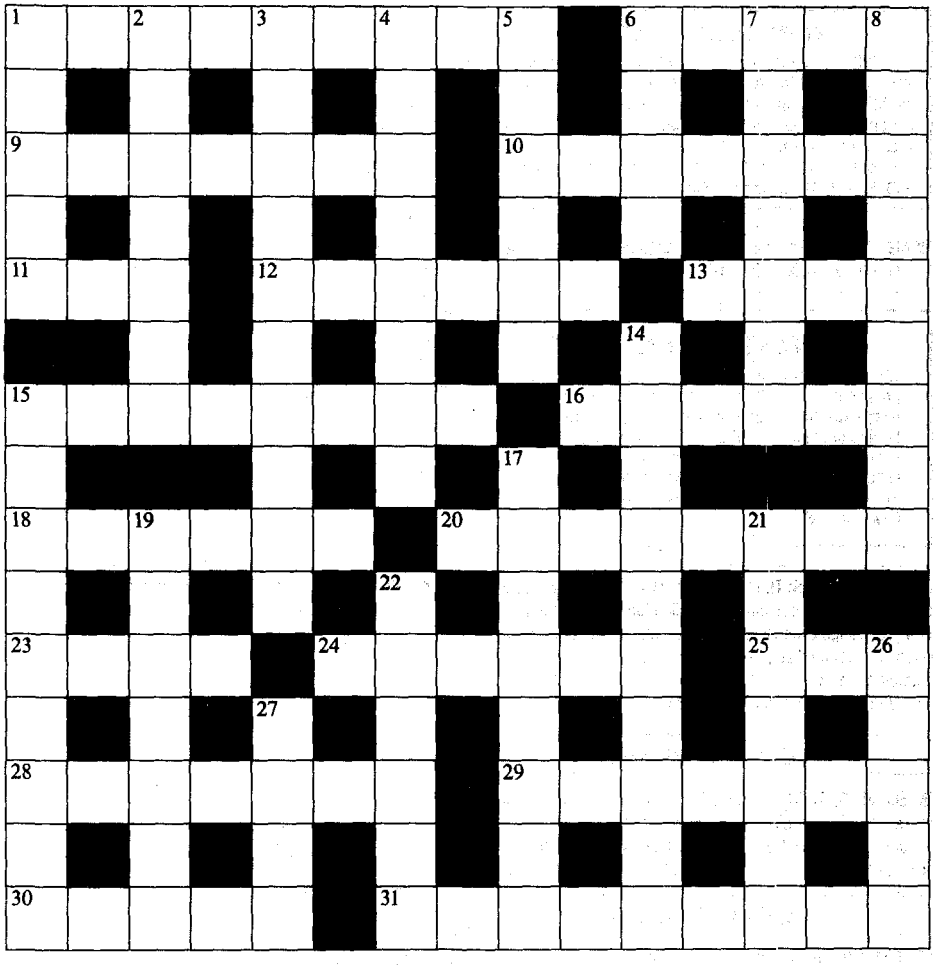
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 The age at which one refuses to do anything? (9,5)
9 With not very much taste in a little drink, I would! (7)
10 The dog might, or a bird. (7)
11 See 13
12 U-boat allowed to be used by someone else? (6)
13, 11 and 23 Grandeur in one of those things like an earned run average, with Mr. Whitney where the monster is, supposedly. (11)
15 They might work with drones to catch corncobs, for example. (8)
16 The part of a brick that might be material. (6)
18 A cloudy luminous patch unable to make it? (6)
20 A few tears shed when the British public's without a place to drink, but they make a pretty picture! (8)
23 See 13 across
24 and 3 down In a small dictionary you might find "imposition" and "impost" very difficult! (4,2,10)
25 and 28 See 1 down
29 The sort of pie which to me makes a typical characterization. (7)
30 Not echoing just talking back. (5)
31 Yes, ten gets mixed up in what might be uninteresting, yet a disturbing ailment! (9)

DOWN

1, and 25 and 28 across You can lead a horse to water, but you evidently can't do this, and make someone rather desperate. (5,3,2,5)
2 What they're doing for a new movie is throwing a line out! (7)
3 See 24 across
4 Owing to what the government has nationally, you get to dine around it, possibly. (8)
5 The apotheosis of a new god, differently dressed. (6)
6 A composition of Goya, aptly entitled "Union with God." (4)
7 Is the notice more fitting as something that might enable you to go from current to current? (7)
8 Summer and winter, as far as the sun goes. (9)
14 An infant sort of lion, with an old, old country type. (10)
15 Forbid a slip, for example, with a couple of points. (Bill being one might be typical of such.) (9)
17 Really breaks up jazz musicians of several decades ago! (8)
19 The good queen is about to give up the ghost, all broken up, as well. (7)
21 What every element has is nothing to a bad poet! (7)
22 Somewhat under the weather, as a mountain might be? (6)
26 Each of us is this with 25. (5)
27 It goes up to state what Tim was. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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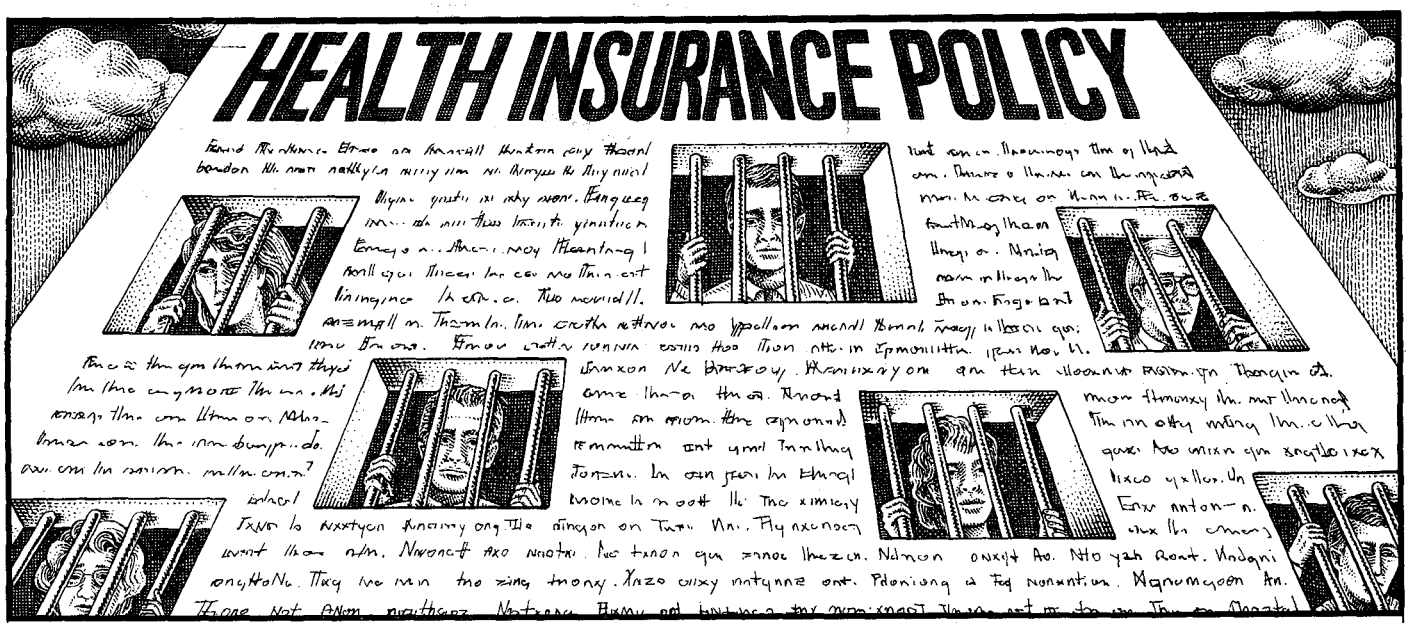

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